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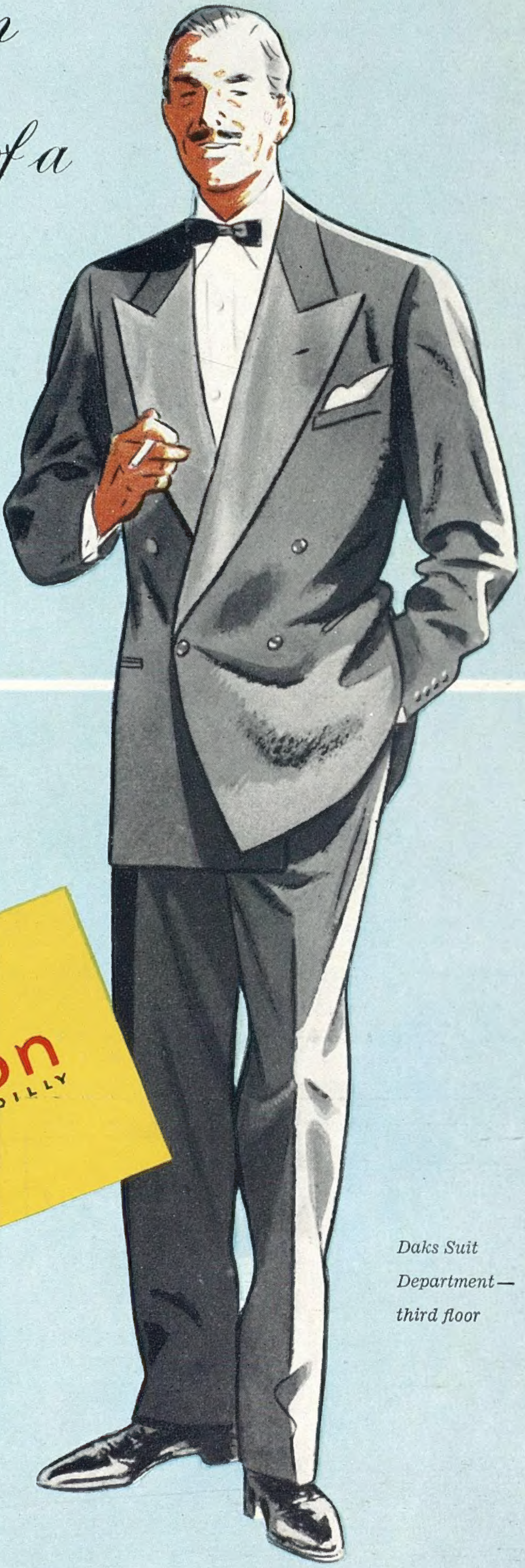

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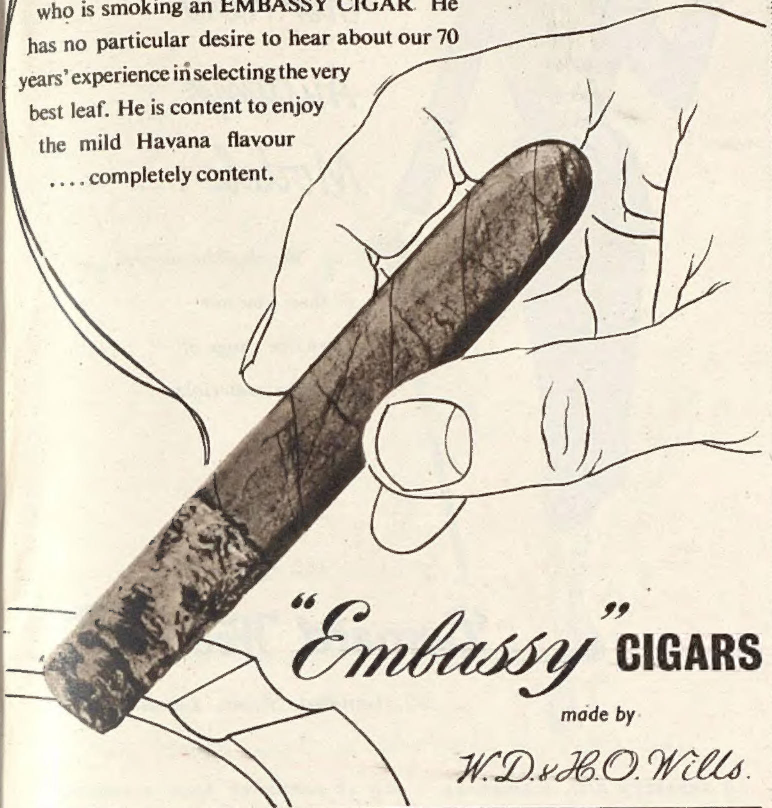

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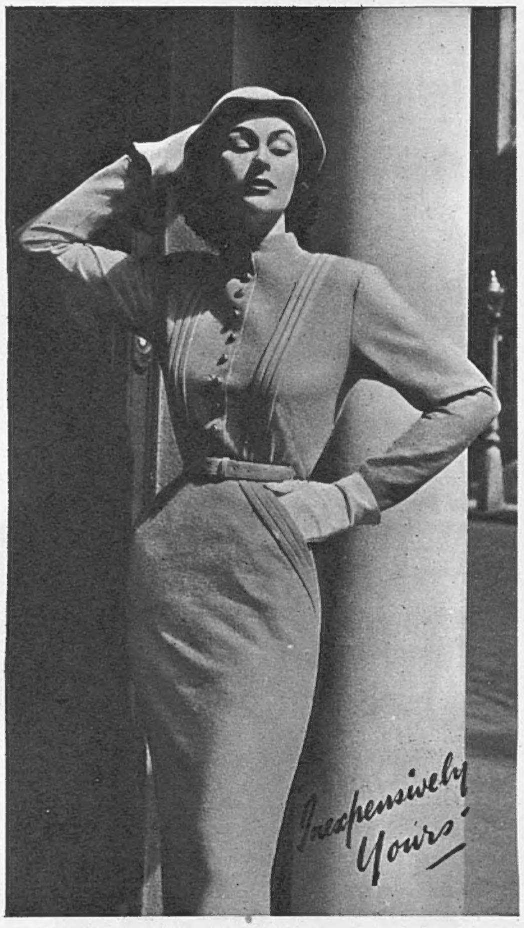


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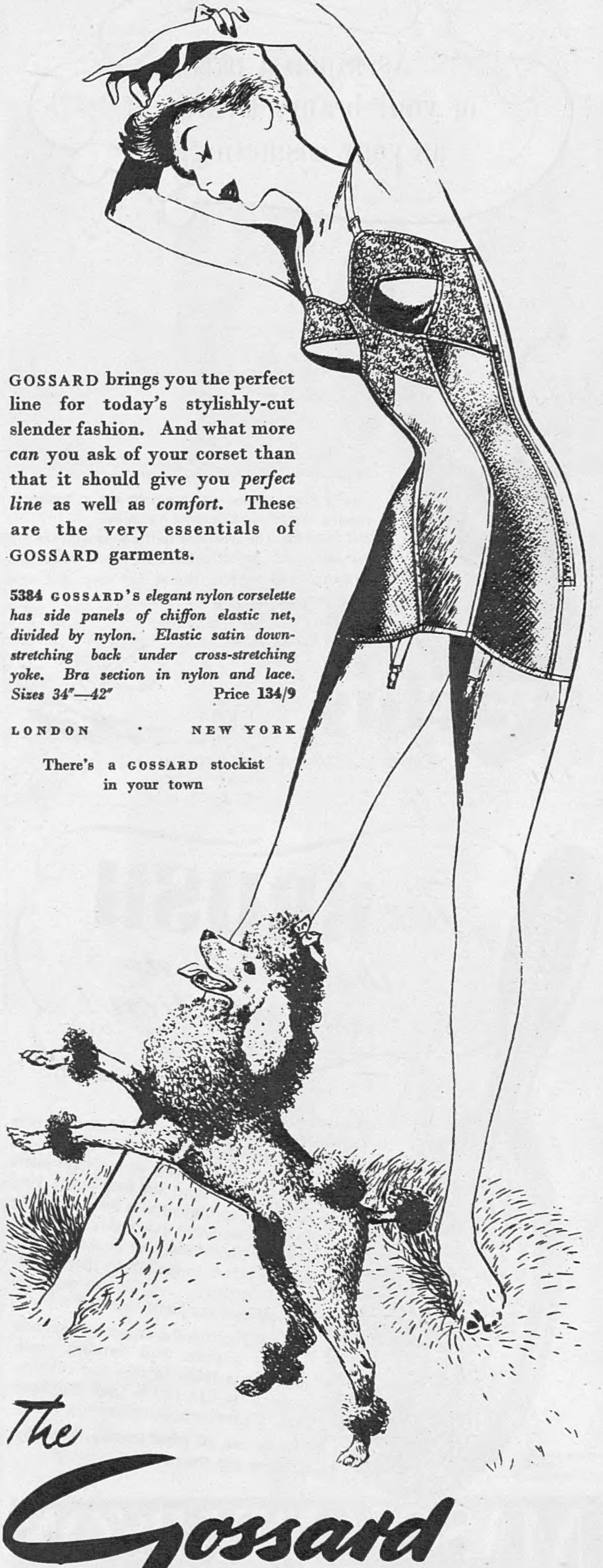

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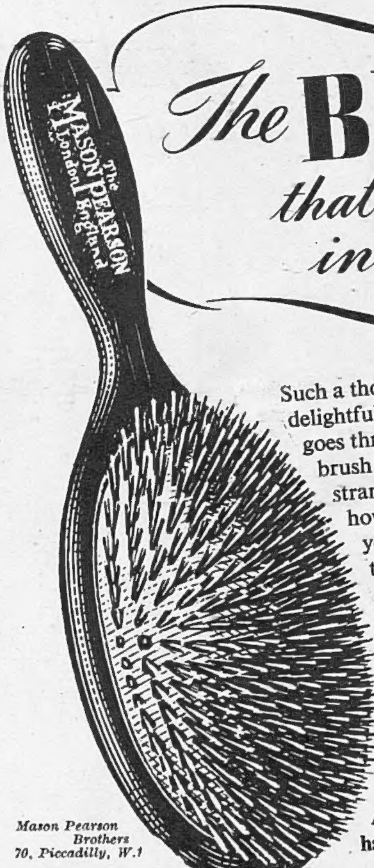


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*Now in the new wild rose pink!*

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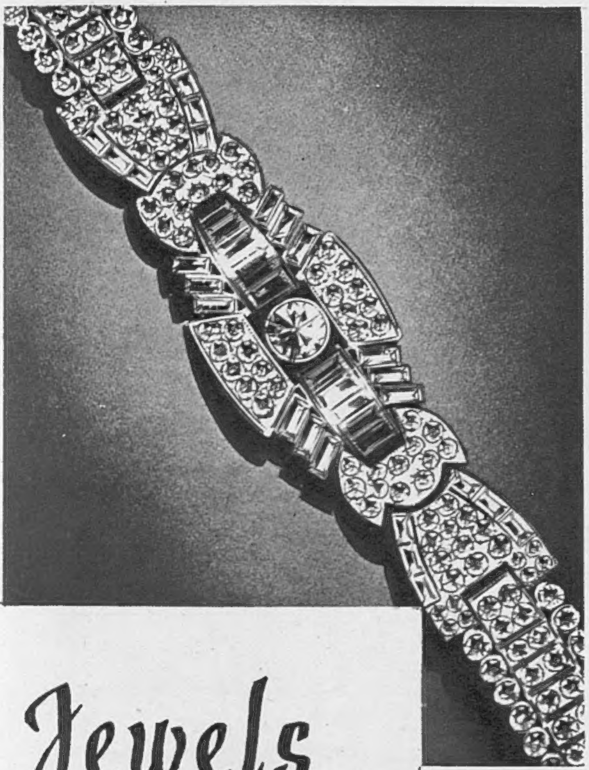

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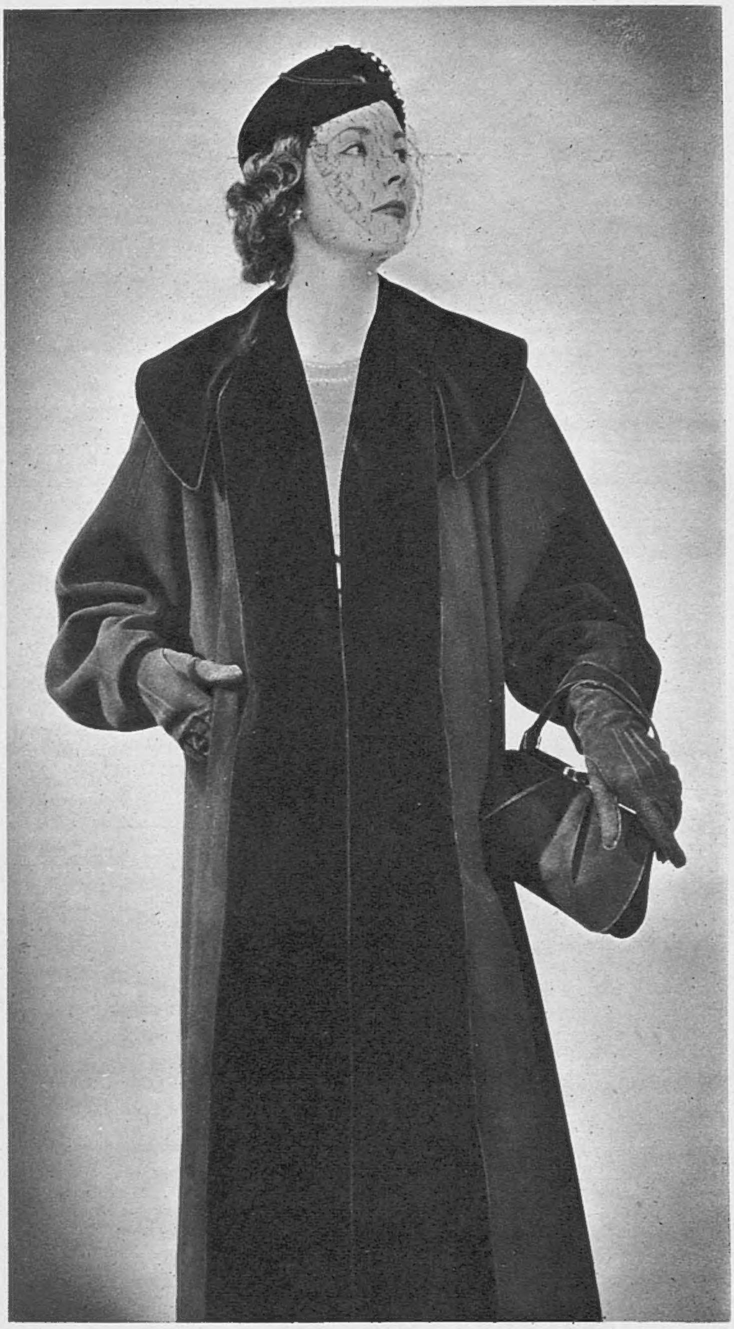

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Not loud praise but quiet approval is the surest indication for a woman that she has chosen her clothes both wisely and well. Fashion has applauded Gorringes Model Swagger Coats, notably—

*"IPSWICH" — in fine all-wool Duveteen cloth, a perfect town coat with handsome cape collar sweeping down into velveteen tuxedo front. In black only. Post free.* **32 gns.**

*This neat black suede afternoon bag is made more roomy by cunningly hidden gussets. Matching rayon satin lining, fitted captive purse and pocket mirror. Size $10\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$. Post and packing 11d.* **£8 . 9 . 6**

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**Tempted at Peter Jones**

The velveteen coat is designed by Jacques Fath — bought at Peter Jones at a fraction of its Paris price. This was made possible by a special arrangement with the Couturiers Associés, whose exclusive autumn collection is designed only by Carven, Dessès, Fath, Paquin and Piguet. The models are exactly copied here, to be sold at truly sensible prices. Throughout Peter Jones, in fashion, fabrics, furniture or what you will, there are many things which are equally tempting, not only because they are beautiful, but because they cost so much less than one would expect.

*good design costs no more at Peter Jones, Sloane Square*

PJ

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1951

PRINCESS MARGARET

In a dress of palest champagne colour and looking very lovely, Princess Margaret—her first dance since her father's illness—was welcomed to the Royal Aero Club Jubilee Ball at Londonderry House by the Club's President, Lord Brabazon of Tara. He presented her with a copy of *Fellowship of the Air*, the Club's history, and she danced the first dance with him. Then her Royal Highness took the floor for a samba with famous night fighter-pilot Group Captain John Cunningham.

London's new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Leslie and Lady Boyce, succeed Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson this month. Here with two of their sons, John (in glasses) and Charles, they are seen at their country home, Badgeworth Hall, near Cheltenham. Sir Leslie Boyce, a barrister, is the City's first Empire Lord Mayor—he hails from Australia—and was Tory M.P. for Gloucester 1929-45. A keen horticulturist, he has won many prizes with his roses.

# Our Motley Notes

## By Toby O'Brien

SPENDING the week-end recently with Kenneth de Courcy at Alderbourne Manor, near Gerrard's Cross (who, standing in those lovely grounds, would imagine that they were a bare eighteen miles from Hyde Park Corner ?), it occurred to me that he must surely have as good a record for consistent rightness on Russian affairs as anybody in the country. In his *Intelligence Digest* he has, from a period well before the war, warned us of the dangers of Russian-Communist Imperialism. With great courage (for it took great courage) he continued to warn us even at the period when Anglo-Russian co-operation was at its height. There were dark mutterings in governmental circles that he "ought to be locked up." However, Kenneth is both courageous and a realist, and pressed on regardless. I only hope that for once he is going to be wrong, and his current predictions of the future of Russian expansion will prove happily untrue.

IN a modest way I believe that I (like Winston Churchill) have also "not always been wrong." Going through some old letters which I wrote to my parents from Leipzig in 1928, when I was learning German before going up to Oxford, I came across this comment on the 1928 Reichstag elections. In those elections, if I remember rightly, the Social-Democrats became the strongest party in Germany, with the Communists running close, and my first introduction to Continental left-wing politics was to see a policeman kicked to death by Communists—a sight and a sound which has given me something of a distaste for the Communist "Lumpenproletariat" ever since. "*The Times*," I wrote, "seems to have taken a rather short-sighted view of the defeat of the 'Right' parties. It declares that the defeat of the Right is a step towards world peace, but they (*sic*) do not appear to notice the greater danger caused by the advance of Bolshevism, which being entirely unorthodox as far as diplomatic methods go, is a far greater danger because it cannot be tackled by the ordinary treaty methods customary to the West, *to which it does not belong*." As against this—in my humble opinion, not too bad a prediction for a boy of eighteen in 1928—I must, of course, set the rest of the letter which makes me blush at the callow assurance of the young man who was once me. There was never a truer saying than :

*"Lives" of great men oft remind us,*
*As their pages o'er we turn,*
*That we too may leave behind us*
*Letters that we ought to burn.*

While on the subject of predictions about Russia, I think I must also include this passage from a letter which I wrote to my wife from Teheran in February 1943. (It had, of course, to be sent by Foreign Office bag, as such sentiments passing through the censorship would then have got me in the black

books of M.I.5.) After writing of the penetration by our "allies" of South Persia, I wrote: "They [the Russians] are ruthlessly cynical Imperialists and are quite certain what they want. I do not say that our interests *need* clash. I merely prophesy that unless we are as realist as they are (and as the Americans are in a different, economic way) we are in for an appalling time at their hands." However, enough of "I told you so"—though in February 1943 there were very, very few people who took the same view.

Incidentally, a few months later I was asked to address a meeting (behind closed doors) of officers of the Security and Intelligence Services in the hall of my old college at Oxford. I was telling them that their opposite numbers in Persia and, to a certain extent, Iraq were having to fight on two fronts—against German espionage and Russian trouble-makers. There was not a soul in the room who was not in the Security Services. The chairman, a Brigadier, passed me a note. It read: "*I say, watch the security aspect!*" (The italics are mine!) This "clottus ineptus," as Jimmy Edwards, I think it was, called somebody in one of his Roman skits, achieved the effect of completely putting me out of my stride.

READING the Duke of Windsor's memoirs the other day, I was sorry to see that he was a little acidulated in his treatment of Sir Herbert Warren, the almost legendary President of Magdalen in his time at Oxford. It is true that Herbert Warren was a snob, but on such a magnificent and grandiose scale that it was a matter to delight the raconteur rather than to worry the intelligent. In this harmless weakness he had, of course, a great rival at Cambridge at that time in Oscar Browning, of whom it was said that when somebody mentioned Kaiser Wilhelm II. to him he replied: "Ah, yes, the nicest Emperor I ever met!"

I was reminded of Oscar Browning when my old friend Hugo Wortham, "Peterborough" of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose scholarship and culture are as admirable as his prejudices (nearly all of which I share), recently dined with me. He was Oscar Browning's nephew and next-of-kin. When "O.B." died, Hugo had to go to Italy to collect his ashes and bring them back to be interred in King's College Chapel. The story is told (*si non è vero!*) that the day before the ceremony the tin, done up in brown paper, was lost on a No. 11 bus. Frantic enquiries led to it being traced just in time for the most impressive ceremony that took place at Cambridge the next morning. Oscar Browning would have delighted in the pomp and panoply with which he was carried up the aisle. I do not think his appreciation of being recovered—done up in brown paper—from a London Transport Lost Property Office would have been quite so great.

IN my last article I was writing about wines, and somebody asked me recently who I thought was the greatest judge of clarets in this country. I think, now that Maurice Healey, who ran him close, is dead, I should give the palm among amateurs to Hugo Wortham. He is, incidentally, also one of the finest cooks in the country, having, I believe, spent a couple of months' holiday polishing his *grand cuisine* in the kitchens of Foyot. The best story about Hugo (it is so good that though I have told it elsewhere, it is well worth telling it again) was of the lunch which we had with Oliver Bell, then Director of the British Film Institute, at Boulestin's before the war. We were discussing Sir Stephen Gazelee, the Librarian of the Foreign Office, and agreeing that he could be counted among the first connoisseurs of wine in the land and in the very front rank of British epicures. Suddenly a little shadow of doubt, no bigger than a cloud the size of a man's hand passing across the sun, passed across Hugo's face. "Yes," he said judicially, "Yes. I think you could say that—though [and here his voice dropped] sometimes I am not altogether sure that he is *sound* on sauces."

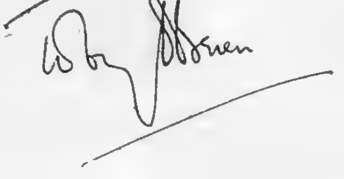
From wine and food to cigars. I am always fascinated by other people's "shop." A little while ago I was dining in the country with a friend who is a leading merchant banker, and whose brother-in-law is the general manager of one of the biggest tobacco companies in the world. My host produced two sets of Ramon Allones cigars which he had received from some friends in the United States. He asked his expert guest for his candid opinion on them. "I should call them, if I may say so, 'a trifle easy.'" "A trifle easy" to the cigar expert means a trifle damp to you and me. According to my friend, nearly all cigars, particularly those in restaurants in this country, are produced too damp. It is apparently difficult to avoid, owing to the moisture in the atmosphere. I do now recall that the finest cigars in the finest condition I have ever smoked were those belonging to the late Lord Cadman and his brother, the late Mr. James Cadman, for many years the beloved Master of the North Staffordshire Hunt, and the only coal-owner who could claim that his pits lost not a single day's working in the great coal strike of 1926. They used to keep their cigars in cedar-lined cupboards built high over a big fireplace in their houses. I gather that the ideal is to have some such cupboard with an electric bulb burning in it when the weather is damp—though cigars nowadays are so few and far between for the majority of us that I do not see my giving the necessary orders to a builder!

AN electric bulb is, however, an excellent drying agent. I remember being stranded on the way back from the Middle East in Lagos with Robin Hankey, now our Minister in Hungary. We were surprised to find that Sir Bernard Bourdillon's piano at Government House had a bulb burning in it continuously. Even so, such was the humidity that Robin, who was an excellent pianist, used to spend some hours each day of our enforced stay endeavouring to tune it.

There must be many wartime travellers in the days before the Axis was driven out of North Africa who had to travel by "the Congo route" or "the Kano route," but remember Sir Bernard and Lady Bourdillon with gratitude and affection. Even with the highest priority it was extremely rare to be able to pass straight through the United Kingdom to Cairo and *vice versa*. At one time there were more than 400 stranded British officers and officials living a hopeless existence in the dripping wet heat of the Nigerian capital. For them, Government House and the hospitality of the Bourdillons was the only guarantee that they might ever escape. Incidentally, Sir Bernard is the only man I know who could always look cool in that heat which, while it never rose above 95 degrees, was made intolerable by a wet bulb of almost the same amount. But then Sir Bernard has the dubious distinction of being one of the very few people to have been frost-bitten in Baghdad. When he was High Commissioner after World War I., he went up on the roof of the Residence, now the Embassy, during a phenomenally cold spell, and actually achieved frost-bite.

NOW that the tumult and the shouting has died, larynges have recovered from the General Election, but I must confess, having done, as in previous elections, a considerable amount of speaking, that by the end of it I agreed with the gentleman who only made one speech in public. It was, however, a model of conciseness. It was utterly to the point, and it came straight from the heart.

It was "Not guilty, m' Lud."



★

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

★

*On November 15—for the first time for many years, we are publishing a special Christmas Number, price 3s. 6d. In this issue Christmas is portrayed comparatively, romantically and satirically, in article, verse and drawing. Lady Bath writes on "Christmas at Longleat—70 Years Ago," with accompanying drawings by Ronald Searle; Alan Melville's satirical verse "Every Christmas" is decorated by Michael ffolkes. There are scenes from* Cinderella *as portrayed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet and by Walt Disney. "The Christmas Story"—a Bethlehem allegory—is told in his own way by John Davies, with illustrations by J. S. Goodall. There is a clever Christmas short story, a play specially written for* The Sketch *by Peter Ustinov, many joke drawings, and some stylish winter fur fashions.*

Accompanied by her father, Mr. Michael Hornby, Susan leaves 5, Chesterfield Hill, Mayfair, for St. Margaret's. Her gown of ivory duchesse satin is patterned with old-fashioned Tudor roses; a small diamond tiara holds the three-tiered gossamer tulle veil in place.

The Queen, in lilac velvet trimmed with silver blue mink, chatted with the Duke of Gloucester (back to camera) and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a distant cousin of the bridegroom. Mrs. Churchill can be seen greeting friends in the background.

Four of the eight little bridesmaids who wore cream organza dresses with pleated skirts, carried posies of berries and autumn flowers.

# The Marquess of Blandford Married Miss Susan Hornby

The Queen and Princess Margaret attended the wedding of the Marquess of Blandford and Miss Susan Mary Hornby at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 19. Lord Blandford, who is twenty-five, is heir to the Duke of Marlborough. Miss Hornby is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, of Faringdon, Berkshire.

In Parliament Square a vast crowd forgot the coming Election to watch the Wedding of the Year. After the ceremony, conducted by the Bishop of Lichfield, a trumpeter played "Here Comes the Bride" as the procession streamed out of the West Door.

The retinue of small pages and bridesmaids was charming. Lady Hambleden's six-year-old son, the Hon. Philip Smith, and Master Tatton Sykes, son of Sir Richard Sykes, held the train. Behind came two more pages, also dressed in Life Guards uniform of the Marlborough period, the Hon. David Ward, grandson of Lord Dudley, and Master Michael Astor, son of the Hon. John Astor. The little girls were the Hon. Rosemary Villiers, granddaughter of the Earl of Clarendon, Miss Elizabeth Ward, Miss Caroline Digby, daughter of the Hon. Robert Digby, Miss Sarah Wilson, the Misses Mimi and Serena Russell, nieces of the bridegroom, Miss Mary Anne Parker-Bowles and Miss Isabelle de Y'Turbe.

Goldsmiths' Hall was chosen for the reception, for the bride's grandfather, the late Mr. St. John Hornby, had been a Prime Warden. Here a thousand guests, including Queen Mary, toasted the bride and groom. Flowers had come in car-loads from Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke of Marlborough. Best man, Mr. W. Wallace, saw the couple off by air to Paris, whence they flew to Majorca.

Under an archway of crossed swords held by a guard of honour from the groom's regiment, The Life Guards, Captain the Marquess of Blandford leads his bride out into the sunshine.

*Above:* Master Tatton Sykes, seven-year-old son of Sir Richard Sykes, was one of the pages.

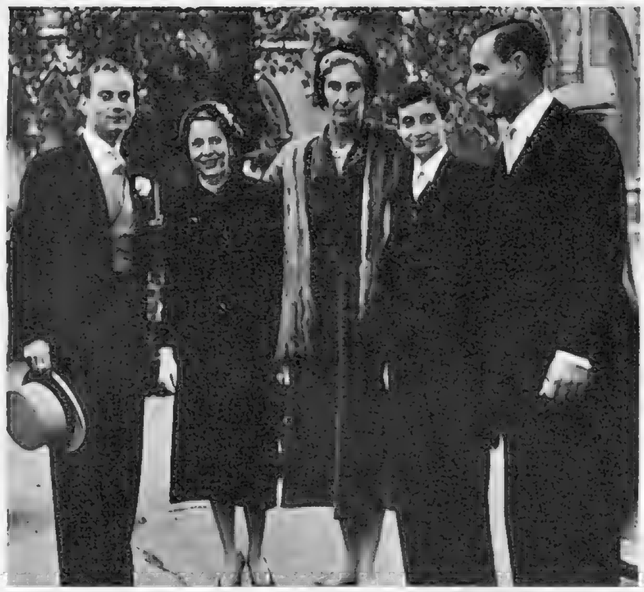
*Left:* Following the bridal procession through an avenue of Life Guards in full regalia, the Queen was escorted from St. Margaret's by Mr. Michael Hornby, father of the bride. He is vice-chairman of W. H. Smith and Sons.

*Right:* Princess Margaret, in a coat of rich plum-coloured velvet, left the church with the Duke of Marlborough, father of the groom.

*(Continued overleaf.)*

*Continued from preceding page.*]

The bride's cousins, Mme. and M. de Y'Turbe, came from France for the wedding.



The Hon. Peter Ward accompanied his sister-in-law, Lady Ednam, daughter of the Argentine Ambassador. With them are Count and Countess Paul Munster and their son.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were among members of the Royal family to attend the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tritton were early arrivals at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Buccleuch, and close friend of Princess Margaret, was there.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker-Bowles arrived with their daughter Mary Anne, one of the eight little bridesmaids.

Lady Caroline Gilmour, sister of the Earl of Dalkeith, is herself a bride of only a few weeks.

The Marquess of Doro (centre), son of the Duke of Wellington, came with his wife and Captain Bagnall.

Mrs. John Ward in a velvet coat lined with white ermine was an elegant guest. She was escorted by her son Gerald.

# *Guests at the Blandford—Hornby Wedding*

*Photographed by Paul Tanqueray.*

## VIRGINIA McKENNA . . .

. . . returned last month to the cast of *The Winter's Tale* at the Phœnix, which stars John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson. As Perdita, this lovely young actress plays juvenile lead with grace, charm and intelligence. Daughter of pianist-composer Anne Denys, Virginia started her stage life in the Dundee Repertory Company. She also appeared in *A Penny for a Song* at the Haymarket, and has acted in a television play—*Shout Aloud Salvation*.

POLAR BEARS AND SEALS, by Raymond Sheppard.

MY MARE WOODRUFF, AGE 25, by Lionel Ellis, F.R.S.A.

FADING DAY, by Vernon Ward.

SOARING FLIGHT, by Cedric Chater.

# WILD LIFE AND TAME

The new Society of Animal Painters, Sculptors and Engravers held its inaugural exhibition at the Cooling Galleries last month. Its President, Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A., contributed a number of small studies of horses, sheep, cattle, and dogs. Vice-Presidents Dame Laura Knight, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, sculptor Sir William Reid Dick, and Mr. Peter Scott, all showed animal life in diverse form, flying, walking, swimming. Among others whose work was hung were Lionel Edwards, Marguerite Frobisher, John Skeaping. The exhibition was live and talented, and the second aim of this new Society is to promote a wider interest in natural life in general; its first being, of course, to encourage the animal painters. This page from the show is full of the charm of nature—its grace and swing.

LUCKY DOGS, by Lucy Dawson.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

# NOËL . . . NOËL . . .

. . . hasn't lost his touch. He 's in cabaret at the Café de Paris, still the Noël Coward of the 'twenties, as in that stylish, light, slight tenor voice he puts over his "classics." "*Some Day I'll Find You*," "*Nina from Argentina*," and "*Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington*," among them. Thirty-five minutes of his debonair charm, lifted eyebrow, sardonic shrug and touch of pathos go down with any generation. For his début on October 29, Princess Margaret went on from the Variety Command performance, with Lady Rothermere, Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, Mr. Billy Wallace. The Duchess of Kent was present and dancing, too. The night was a triumph of stars of all worlds. Our photograph was taken at rehearsal, with Norman Hackforth at the piano.

Photographed by Roger Wood.

# "ANNABEL LEE"

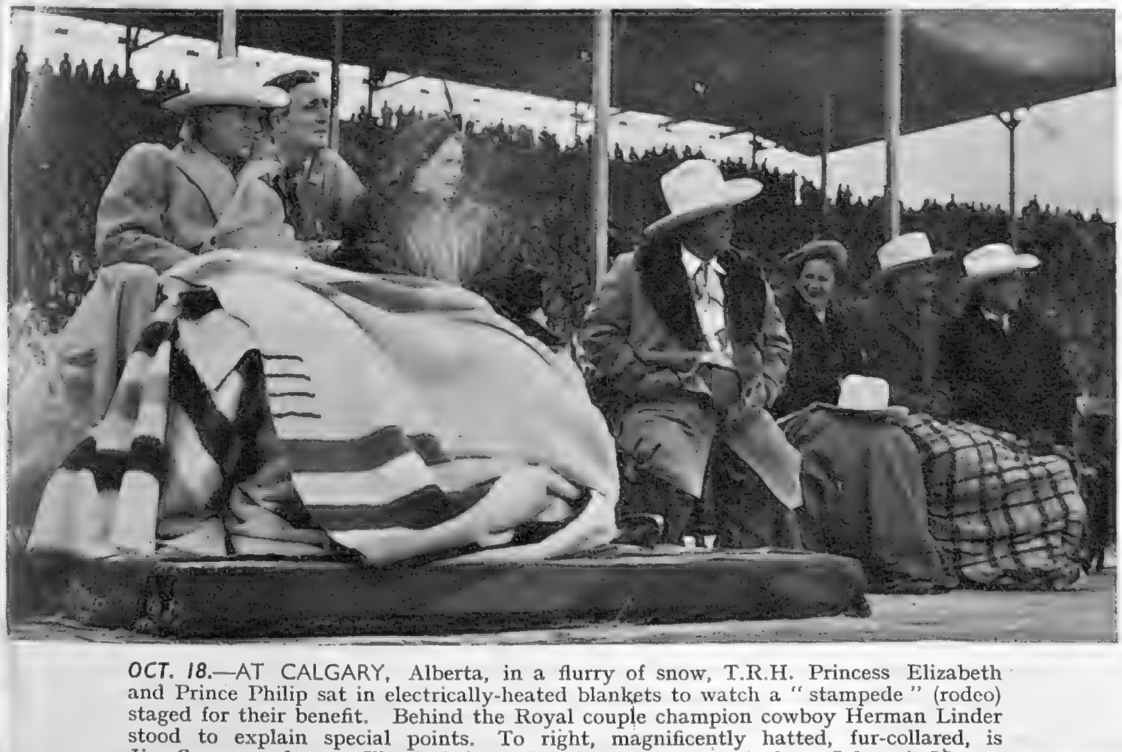
Danced to the music of Byron Schifman, choreography by George Skibine, décor by André Delfau, Edgar Allan Poe's well-known poem has been translated into ballet-form. You remember the story: how a young man and a girl—Annabel Lee—loved each other so much that the angels grew jealous; sent a great wind which "chilled and killed" her, and she was buried in a sepulchre by the sea. In the ballet *à deux*, her lover lies on the sepulchre, is covered by the sea, dies, and so doing rejoins Annabel. It was danced last month by Marjorie Tallchief and Skibine during the season of the new Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas at the Cambridge Theatre.

# Excerpts from our Social Diary

*OCT. 17.*—LANGUEDOC IN LONDON—Who better suited than his Excellency the French Ambassador to laud the wines of France? M. Massigli was guest of honour at a luncheon at Claridge's to inaugurate the introduction to this country of two new sparkling wines—Limoux and Gaillac. *Left*: In the chair (right) was M. Charles Mahuzies, from France. On the left, our jet-engine pioneer, Sir Frank Whittle. *Right-hand picture*: Sir Francis Head (left) and Lord Suffield; the latter, minus cigarette, tasted his wine like a connoisseur.

*OCT. 17.*—DANZAS LATINO-AMERICA drew diplomats to Adelphi Theatre for strangely fascinating evening of Indian dances from Mexico, Brazil—primitive, full of colour. Above: H.E. the wife of the Cuban Ambassador, Mme. Ofelia G. de Mendoza.

*OCT. 17.*—MARRIED at St. Margaret's, Westminster: Captain David W. Hargreaves, The Grenadier Guards, son of Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Hargreaves, of Twyford Hall, Dereham, Norfolk, and of Mrs. Hargreaves, of 53, Whitelands House, S.W.3, to Miss Judith A. Currie, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bertram Currie, of Dingley Hall, Market Harborough. Reception at the Hyde Park Hotel.



*OCT. 18.*—AT CALGARY, Alberta, in a flurry of snow, T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip sat in electrically-heated blankets to watch a "stampede" (rodeo) staged for their benefit. Behind the Royal couple champion cowboy Herman Linder stood to explain special points. To right, magnificently hatted, fur-collared, is Jim Cross, producer. The Duke's cowboy hat was a present from Calgary's Mayor.

*OCT. 18.*—AT SAVOY CHAPEL Miss J. MacFadyean, daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean, married Lt. D. Williamson, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. H. F. J. Williamson, of Santiago de Chile.

# Excerpts from our Social Diary

*OCT. 18.*—ROYAL FIRST-NIGHTER. Most elegant at St. James's Theatre for première of Orson Welles's new interpretation of "Othello" was H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, with chandelier earrings over dark chiffon dress.

*OCT. 19.*—SYMPHONIE DEUX—nice title for combined exercises—French Navy and our Mediterranean Fleet, held recently off French Riviera. Here Vice-Admiral Pothuau, *Amiral l'Escadre*, followed by Rear-Admiral Laurin, commanding French Cruiser Squadron, were welcomed aboard his flagship, H.M.S. *Liverpool*, by Vice-Admiral William-Powlett, Flag Officer Destroyers, off St. Raphael. Left: Captain Luce, O.C. *Liverpool*.

*OCT. 20.*—THE WHADDON CHASE Hunter Trials were held at Galley Lane Farm, Great Brickhill, near Bletchley, Bucks, on a day of sudden showers. In spite of this disability, attendance was good. Seen on the left are Mr. Richard Marlar and Major L. S. Marlar relaxing by their car between events. On right is a profile *à deux* picture made by two competitors—Miss M. McGown and her good horse *Wings*.

*OCT. 23.*—NEW DIPLOMAT. His Excellency U Ka Si, new Burmese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, left his Charles Street, Mayfair, Embassy to present his credentials at Buckingham Palace. He was received by the Queen and Princess Margaret, Counsellors of State under his Majesty's commission, acting on behalf of the King.

*OCT. 23.*—BEAGLING. Opening meet of the Christ Church and New College Beagles was held at Adderbury, home of Lord Elton. Lady Elton helped to pass the drinks round before the "off," talked to her son, joint-Master the Hon. Rodney Elton (right), and Mr. Warde-Aldan.

*OCT. 24.*—JUMPING. At the Paris *Palais des Sports*, Air France's *Prix de l'Etoile* was won by the Chevalier d'Orgeix; while second and third respectively came Britain's Mary Whitehead (right) riding *Tudder Nagat*, and Pat Smythe on *Tosca*. They got rounds of applause.

*OCT. 24.*—DIPLOMATS and other distinguished guests present when the Simpson Services Club entertained Danzas Latino-America at a reception. H.E. the Argentine Ambassador was guest of honour. Here's a group at the party, l. to r.: Miss Daisy Rose and Mrs. Rose, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Señor Matra Juillerrat, Mrs. Simpson, Angel Sanabria, dancer, Mrs. Moynihan, and Dr. Simpson.

*OCT. 26.*—PHOTOGRAPHIC. The Royal Photographic Society's Annual Dinner was held at the Café Royal. This excellent body was founded in 1853. Sitting at table (l. to r.) are: Lady Rideal, Professor Sir David Brunt, Mr. Bertram Sinkinson, Vice-President of the R.P.S., Sir Edward Salisbury, speaking, Mr. I. D. Wratten, the President, Mrs. Wratten and Sir Leigh Ashton, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

*OCT. 26.*—AT WOODFORD, Essex, Mr. Winston Churchill and his wife listened quietly as Mayor Vivian E. Stevens announced at the Town Hall his re-election to Parliament with an over-18,000 majority in a four-cornered fight.

*OCT. 27.*—AN EDEN MARRIES. As Mr. Anthony Eden took office as Foreign Secretary, his niece, Ann, daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, of Fritham House, Lyndhurst, was married at All Saints', Minstead, to Mr. Peter N. Negretti, son of Mr. and Mrs. Negretti, of Lane House, Lodsworth.

*OCT. 27.*—AT CULZEAN CASTLE, Ayrshire, setting off for a day's shooting, was General "Ike" Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty forces in Europe. Castle was placed by Lord Ailsa in care of the National Trust in 1945, part of main block being arranged as a national guest house. The General was the first person to be made honorary life-tenant of certain apartments.

# Excerpts from our Social Diary

*OCT. 27.*—THE 51st.—Sparkling with miniatures and animation, the 51st Highland Division met at the Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, for their 36th Reunion Dinner. Guest toasting them was Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder (left), with the chairman, Major-General Sir Kenneth Gray Buchanan. *Right:* and very smart, are (left) The G.O.C. Highland District, Major-General R. K. Arbuthnott, with Brigadier J. A. Oliver.

*OCT. 30.*—CHANGE-OVER. It's fun to see Captains, Royal Navy, of the Port of Plymouth, manning the oars to give their retiring C.-in-C., Britain's new First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor—in the stern—a send-off. Vice-Admiral P. K. Enright, Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, was at the tiller. They rowed him away from his pier at Mount Wise after he had handed over to Vice-Admiral M. J. Mansergh.

*OCT. 30.*—PRICES WERE LOW at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales, when twenty-two thoroughbred horses were sold for 2,561 guineas. Top price of the day was 520 guineas given by Mr. S. L. Parker for the four-year-old colt *Turkish Prince.* Bidding, watching or listening were (l. to r.): Lady Chesterfield and Mr. John Edmunds. Centre: Captain Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, and trainer Mr. Basil Jarvis. *Right:* the long and the short of the meeting, Colonel Giles Loder chatting to trainer Mr. Johnny Dines.

*Photographed by F. J. Goodman.*

# PRINCESS . . . BIOGRAPHER

Princess George Galitzine is busy collecting material for a biography of her famous father, the late General Baron Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha, of Sudan fame. His escape from the Mahdi after twelve years as a prisoner of war was one of the big adventure stories at the fall of the century. Princess George was photographed with her three children, Caroline, George and Alexander, who through their grandmother, Countess Carlow, daughter of Duke George Alexander of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, can trace direct descent from Russia's Empress Catherine the Great.

# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

CHARLES DICKENS. By Julian Symons. *(Arthur Barker ; 7s. 6d.)*

THE CRIPPLED MUSE. By Hugh Wheeler. *(Hart-Davis ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE KIND MAN. By Helen Nielsen. *(Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.)*

THE HERB GARDEN. By Mary Thorne Quelch. *(Faber ; 12s. 6d.)*

MR. JULIAN SYMONS writes, within the compass of a short book in the excellent "English Novelists" series, an honest assessment of the work of Charles Dickens and a shrewd and scientific interpretation of the facts of his life. With almost surgical skill he cuts away the nonsense and leaves his reader startled, shocked or convinced, but certainly interested. He shows that the Victorian Dickens, "an amiable mixture of Santa Claus and Mark Tapley," was a creation of a hypnotised public, but rightly points out that it is irrelevant to make a moral case against Dickens which balances the moral case the Victorians made in his favour. He then argues convincingly, with support from authenticated facts in the man's life, that Dickens suffered from a manic-depressive type of mental illness, not in an extreme form, but marked enough to be perceptible to psychologists. He admits that the details of a writer's life may have nothing to do with his work, but argues that in the case of Dickens it is necessary to recognise that he was a man obsessed.

There will be many readers who prefer not to disturb the sentimental portrait of Dickens, which hangs, as it were, in their libraries. There will be fierce rejections of such a theory applied to a man lauded as the sanest and most English of writers, perhaps because his characters are notably sane and English. On the other hand, a psychologist could probably argue his way towards quite different conclusions from those which Mr. Symons draws from certain facts. Whichever way one feels, this is very much a book to read ; this is a point of view not to be ignored.

THE Capri novel is becoming a recognised literary form. Since Mr. Norman Douglas and Mr. Compton Mackenzie respectively wrote *South Wind* and *Vestal Fire*, a good many lesser writers have tried their hand at portraying the baroque life of this picturesque island. In Mr. Hugh Wheeler's novel *The Crippled Muse*, his central plot is a flashy and ornate version of that used by Mr. A. A. Milne in *The Truth About Blayds*, yet the book has a freshness and vigour quite unweakened by its conformity to pattern. It concerns a priggish young American graduate, Horace Beddoes, who has come to the island to write the biography of a poetess called Merape Sloane. This woman has become an almost legendary figure since she left the States forty years ago to be a recluse on Capri, where, Mr. Wheeler tells us, "Aldous Huxley, Wystan Auden, even T. S. Eliot himself" had failed to attain to the Presence. Horace Beddoes is perhaps more fortunate, and during a number of meetings and conversations with the motley island exiles, with Mr. Fishbourne-Grant, who claims so noisily to be wicked, with Girlie Winters, who does not bother with any such claim as she goes her prurient way, with the Duquesa Gordoni, who asks only for cocktail-party immortality in America, he eventually spends an unforgettable hour with the woman who bears the name he most reveres. That hour leaves him sadder, wiser and less priggish, and leaves the reader delightfully satisfied. I would not have missed it for worlds.

A VERY good new crime novel is Helen Nielsen's first, *The Kind Man*, which derives its title misleadingly yet with a certain oblique aptness from Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. It is a "whodunit," but not one of the academic kind which rely for interest entirely on the solution of a problem, nor yet of that tiresome school in which the crime and its elucidation are made secondary to some formal plot or love-affair or background. There is a love-affair cleverly sketched in with quite a strong, happy ending, and the background of a small American seaside town is adequately conveyed, but the strength of the book lies in a continuous volley of events which startle the townsfolk as well as the reader, a moving about of real people faced with real and urgent troubles, a *story*, in fact, which, although it is one of crime and detection, rings true and holds one's interest. The amiable, sound, not unintelligent detective who knows all the suspects personally and reaches his conclusions with deliberation, the young man suspected because of an incident in his childhood, the girl who believes in him and his elderly rich employer—all these are stock figures, but they are animated here by considerable driving force. Miss Nielsen fools the most practised of readers, though she does not keep as strictly as she might to the crime-writer's code of rules. I consider her the most worth watching of all new arrivals in the world of detection.

MRS. QUELCH'S title, *The Herb Garden*, gave me false hopes, for I thought that at last someone had produced a really comprehensive book about the herbs which can be cultivated in an English garden and had explained all their culinary and medicinal uses. This book is far too entertaining, too rich in anecdote, legend and superstition, too full of rambling folklore and snippets of history to meet the needs of the gardener who wants to grow a variety of herbs, the herbalist who believes in their curative powers or the cook who means to use them to the best advantage. In Chapter Eleven there is a list of familiar herbs most suitable for a small garden which omits lovage, rampion, pennyroyal, burnet, sorrel, rosemary, chervil and basil, and inexplicably names as "optional" bay and tarragon, though it rightly regrets the once common use of fennel in fish sauce, and the days when fishmongers supplied a sprig of it with certain fish. Mrs. Quelch writes with such lively wisdom, however, that her omissions are quickly forgotten. In an account of early prophylactics, for instance, she describes the use of vinegar and bunches of sweet herbs to prevent the spread of the Great Plague, but does not mention the picturesque pomander, a herbal disinfectant inhalant of the time. She writes most engagingly of the time when doctors were cooks and cooks doctors, of the use of violets to fight cancer, of some historic herb gardens, of treacle posset and sloe-blossom tea, of Gentian tonic and an infusion of goutwort. She is full of wise saws and modern and ancient instances, and no one interested in her subject should be without her book. But it still leaves me hoping for a new English herbal.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**THE THEATRE SINCE 1900.**
By J. C. Trewin. *(Dakers ; 21s.)*

Mr. Trewin is as good a historian as he is critic. Indeed, this is a critic's history, its proportions formed inevitably by the author's judgment of plays and playwrights. Sutro, for instance, is dismissed as a "veteran social-column dramatist," while Shaw dominates the period. Nothing important is overlooked.

**THE THEATRE OF TWO DECADES.**
By Audrey Williamson. *(Rockliff ; 25s.)*

Miss Williamson, like Mr. Trewin, comes from Cornwall, and one begins to wonder whether Cornwall's very distance from London and the stage does not bewitch its children into theatre enthusiasm. This book is not so much a chronicle as a series of sometimes rather opinionated essays.

**EDWARDIAN THEATRE.**
By A. E. Wilson. *(Barker ; 21s.)*

A more discursive and gossipy and for the layman a more entertaining account of the theatre and its great men and women during the nine years 1901-1910.

**THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**
By W. A. Darlington. *(Nevill ; 13s.)*

The two men, their words and music, the anecdotes which surround them, contemporary opinion ; a very welcome summary.


## "WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to "THE SKETCH" provides an ideal gift.

Each fortnight as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for "THE SKETCH" to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-8, Strand, London, W.C.2, including the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription (to include the Christmas Number) : Canada, £2 19s. ; Elsewhere abroad, £3.

1. SGT. GAYLOR and DETECTIVE-SGT. WALKER : For making a "Kerb Drill" film strip to amuse—and instruct—the children.

2. SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI : For making musical history in Manchester's Free Trade Hall.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

1. The number of children killed on the roads each year is still shockingly high. Two men whose work will do much to reduce this number are Sgt. R. Gaylor, Herts Police Road Safety Officer, and Detective-Sgt. F. Walker, of Hatfield. Together, and using their own children in the cast, they made a film strip to show other children how "Kerb Drill" should be done. It is to be shown to hundreds of children in the Herts area.

2. Sir John Barbirolli shortly will conduct the first concert to be given in the reconstructed Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which is now considered to be acoustically better than the Royal Festival Hall on the South Bank. He is an excellent 'cellist and here he made musical history by playing the first notes to be heard in the reconstructed hall when tests were carried out in the main auditorium.

3. He who plays the king in each of the three great historical plays—*Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Second* and *Henry the Fifth*—must have theatrical qualities of the highest. The three stage kings who have just completed an exceptionally successful Shakespeare season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, are Harry Andrews (left), Michael Redgrave (centre) and Richard Burton (right), here taking their bows on the last night.

4. A new idea in matches was tried out at Shoreham, Sussex, recently. The Hove Archery Club, using an outsize "dartboard," played against a team of dart-players from the Shoreham branch of the R.A.F. Association. The dart-players used a regulation board.

3. THREE STAGE KINGS : For holding the stage at Stratford's Memorial Theatre, during a record Festival season.

4. THE HOVE ARCHERY CLUB : For introducing a "double" and a "treble" into toxophily.

# AT THE THEATRE ...

## West End Favourites

**SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO**
**(Apollo)**

These seagulls have been hovering over the Shaftesbury Avenue Sorrento—which is a lump of rock in the Orkneys—for nearly eighteen months, so there can be no question about popularity. Hugh Hastings' great strength is his command of naval idiom: his Lower Deck conversations, so accurately voiced by Ronald Shiner and associates, are the making of a compound of melodrama and comedy that keeps its flavour to the end. Note, too, William Hartnell as a sort of Simon Legree among petty officers.

**KISS ME, KATE**
**(Coliseum)**

Shakespeare would look tolerantly, I feel, upon the efforts of Bella and Samuel Spewack to get chunks of *The Taming of the Shrew* into a modern libretto. This is not intended to be Shakespeare-to-music. It is a musical comedy (score by Cole Porter), with a crafty use of the Katharina-Petruchio theme; and thanks to such players as Patricia Morison, Bill Johnson and Valerie Tandy, and to such a song as "Always True to You, Darling—in My Fashion," it goes on and on.

**THE LITTLE HUT**
**(Lyric)**

If your idea of shipwreck upon remote islands is based upon *Robinson Crusoe*, this is a play to disillusion you. André Roussin is the French author; Nancy Mitford has adapted it for an English cast that includes Robert Morley, Joan Tetzel, and David Tomlinson as the most genial of shipwrecked "triangles." The Messel setting and Peter Brook production help to keep this coloured balloon of comedy high in the sunlit air.

**THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY**
**(Piccadilly)**

Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach appear to be trying to prove that Crime Does Pay. But such cunning dramatists as these must be given their head, and no one will talk very much about morals while the Raffles of his day (Jack Hulbert) is seeking, very rightly, to save his son—that brilliant young forger—from the humiliation of "going straight." This is Gilbertian nonsense. A few lyrics, with music by Sullivan, and we should be well away. As it is, the plain farce is amusing.

**GAY'S THE WORD**
**(Saville)**

Only a few days before Ivor Novello died, I saw him rise in his Saville box to acknowledge a call from the cheering first-nighters. He looked happy then, and no wonder, for *Gay's the Word*, with his book and music and Melville lyrics, and with the abundant vigour of Cicely Courtneidge to thrust it along, had made a triumphant hit. It makes it still.

## ★ First Choice ★

## FIGURE OF FUN

*(Aldwych)*

LET me say at once that this is not the play for you if you like your evenings in the theatre to begin with the first act: a moderately reasonable wish shared, I believe, by a number of playgoers. *Figure of Fun*—which was called *Bobosse* in Paris—seems, deceptively, to begin at the beginning. We are in a Paris flat, and the French author, André Roussin, abetted by the English translator, Arthur Macrae, is presenting to us an amiable venture in the whimsical-sentimental about a young artist (John Mills) whose wife (Joyce Heron) leaves him. I am not an enemy of the whimsical and sentimental, within reason; but I have to admit that, at the interval, I was wondering what had impressed this piece upon the French stage. "Always some new thing out of Paris" is to-day's cry; *Figure of Fun* hardly appeared to be new, though there was a happy first scene for John Mills and for Peter Bull, a radio interviewer with the only bearable stammer I have heard in the theatre where this particular trick is usually dull and distasteful. Here it is neither—thanks to Mr. Bull.

At the première, when the curtain rose on the second act, we discovered suddenly the real play had begun. What followed was supple, adroit comedy, with one scene in which John Mills was able to touch us deeply, and another which proved to be as comic as anything I had met in London for months. But when it comes to elaborating whys and wherefores, I am in a difficulty. *Figure of Fun* rests largely upon its quality of surprise: if one explains at this point why the two flats, one in Paris, one in London, resemble each other so closely, I am in danger of annoying you as much as a man who throws an entire murder-play into the discard by telling you, at curtain-rise, who fired the shot.

It cannot do any harm to observe that Arthur Macrae's is clearly a free adaptation; the play is pepper-sprinkled with his wit. And he is in the cast to act—as airily and gaily as he writes—a man who is certainly a moral coward but a pleasant fellow into the bargain. Brenda Bruce touches off the kind of uninhibited young woman who is always a success at parties, and who prefers the floor to any chair. Lana Morris is a cheerfully gushing maid. Joyce Heron, Viola Lyel: there is nothing wrong with the cast, directed by Peter Ashmore, that flips briskly about John Mills. Mills is made for deeper waters than these; but he can navigate the shallows with great spirit and dexterity. On second thoughts, I would say that this is the play for you, even if you like your evenings in the theatre to begin with the first act.

GRIFF at Figure of Fun at the

# . . with J. C. TREWIN

Aldwych Theatre

## OTHELLO
### (*St. James's*)

WHEN a playgoer comes from one of the most exciting dramas in the English language, feeling both disappointed and flat, something is gravely wrong. As I walked away up King Street after the première of the new *Othello*, I had to agree that Orson Welles totally lacked the temperament for the Moor. In spite of his majestic bearing and a voice of some richness, Welles gave no idea of the storm in Othello's mind. We had waited all night for a thunder-burst that never came. The speech to the Senate was spoken quietly, movingly. Once Othello reached Cyprus he continued to be quiet but ceased to be moving. Where was the superb music, where the mounting fire ? Othello remained to the end massive, majestic, and, alas, inexpressive. Or so I thought : an audience that cheered rapturously did not agree. Peter Finch also banked down his Iago : it was an insinuating performance, serviceable but, again, not exciting. Maxine Audley, who knew how to hurtle at Emilia, and Gudrun Ure, a Desdemona of intelligence, no mere butter-muslin shadow, were most surely in key with Shakespeare during a perplexing night.

## AND SO TO BED
### (*New*)

THERE is one exquisite bit of comedy in the first act when Leslie Henson, who is—remarkably—Samuel Pepys, is assumed to be playing the flageolet. The memory of Henson's timing and of the expression in those bright, bulging eyes, will linger when the rest of the piece is a jumble. It is a charming jumble. J. B. Fagan's comedy about one of Samuel's amorous adventures, with the King himself intervening, was always crafty and well-written. Its craft and good writing remain ; Vivian Ellis has added an unobtrusive musical score. The trouble is that, Jessie Royce Landis aside—she appears as the King's mistress, Mrs. Knight—few in the cast have any period sense. We need a stronger King ; and Betty Paul's Mrs. Pepys, for all her energy and goodwill, is not fully persuasive. Henson himself can delight without being able to suggest Pepys's serious side.

## ZIP GOES A MILLION
### (*Palace*)

GEORGE FORMBY may not be a major comedian, but he is amply endearing and he can govern a large theatre ; he has the attack needed in musical comedy, and when he is on the stage—he is seldom off it—this " extravagance " about the Lancashire lad from Newton-le-Willows who has to spend a million dollars in three months, swings along untroubled. Both the book (Eric Maschwitz, based on the old *Brewster's Millions* idea) and the score (George Posford) are competent.

## Plans for the Future

Now that the Old Vic *Othello* has opened—a friendly rival for the production at the St. James's—we must look to the return of the other Vic company, no longer in *Tamburlaine* but in a remarkably different piece, the eighteenth-century comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, by Garrick and Colman. This is produced by Hilton Edwards, of the Dublin Gate, who was a member of the Old Vic as far back as 1923 ; and the décor is by a talented artist, Alan Barlow, who made his name at Bristol. In the cast are Donald Wolfit (Ogleby), Reginald Tate, Rosalind Iden (Mrs. Wolfit), Peter Coke, Ernest Hare, Wynne Clark, and that perceptive young actress, Charmian Eyre. *The Clandestine Marriage* opens at Stratford-upon-Avon this week ; it will be at Cardiff on November 12, and the Alexandra, Birmingham, on November 26, before reaching Waterloo Road on December 5.

#### ON THE WAY

Several plays are making their way to London. Among them are the Peter Brook production of *Colombe*, with Joyce Redman and Yvonne Arnaud ; James Forsyth's *Heloïse*, with Siobhan McKenna and Walter Macken (Michael Powell as producer) ; Lesley Storm's *The Day's Mischief* (Ian Hunter, Catherine Lacey) ; Peter Ustinov's *The Moment of Truth* (Eric Portman) ; and, of course, Noël Coward's *Relative Values*, a comedy in which Gladys Cooper, a Dowager Countess, finds that the film-star to whom her son is engaged is the sister of her own lady's maid (Angela Baddeley).

#### SOUTH KENSINGTON

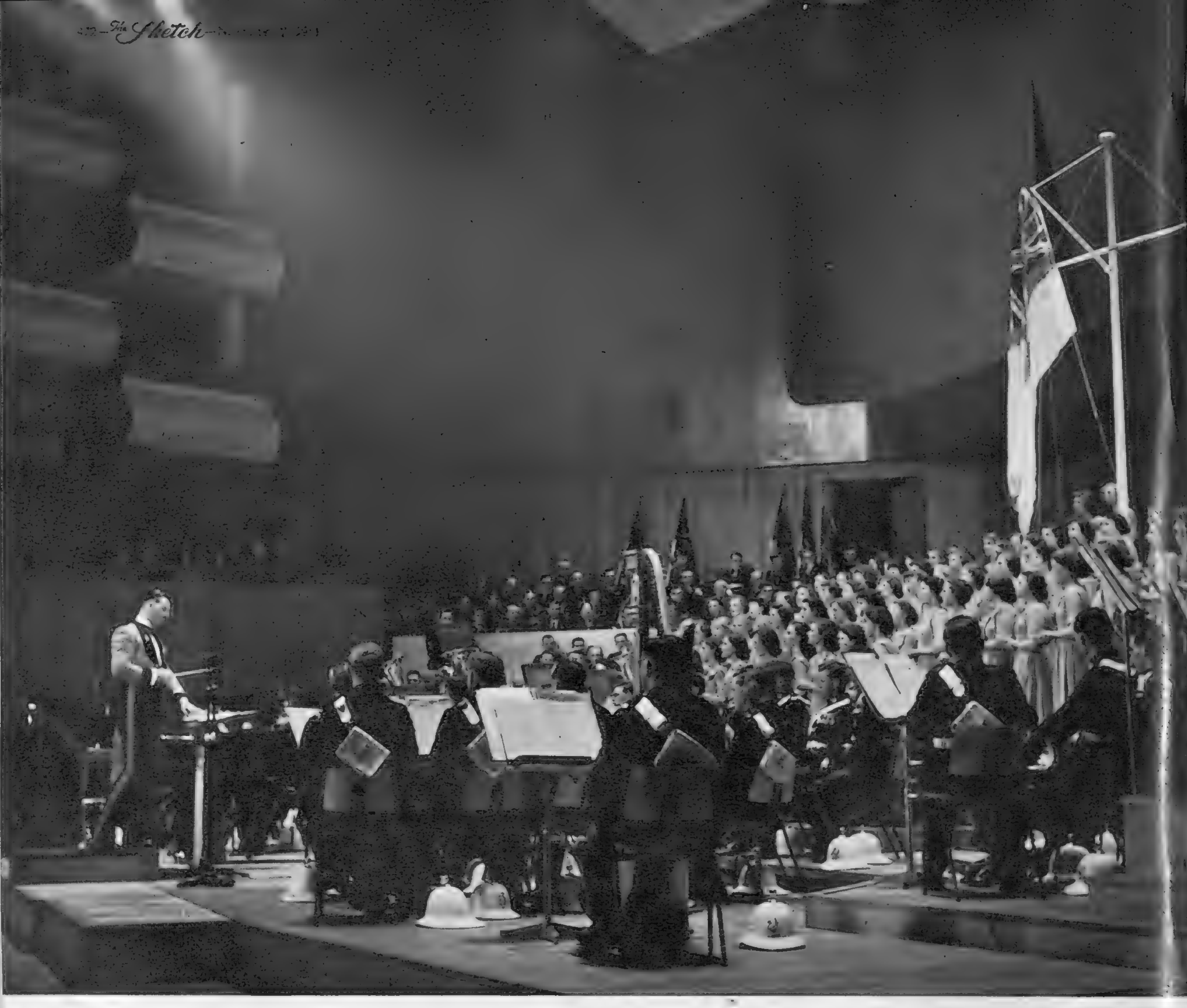
Peter Cotes goes gallantly on his path at the New Boltons, which will soon have completed a full year under his management. On November 14 he is presenting a three-weeks season of Molière's *The School for Wives* in the Lord Longford translation, with Maurice O'Brien as Arnolphe ; and on December 4 there will be the British première of Lawrence Langner's *Lady Godiva*, with Joan Miller at its head, and Peter Cotes himself directing.

#### LEICESTER SQUARE

Nearer to the West End, indeed just off Leicester Square, Grand Guignol has just opened at the Irving Theatre Club.

#### GETTING AROUND

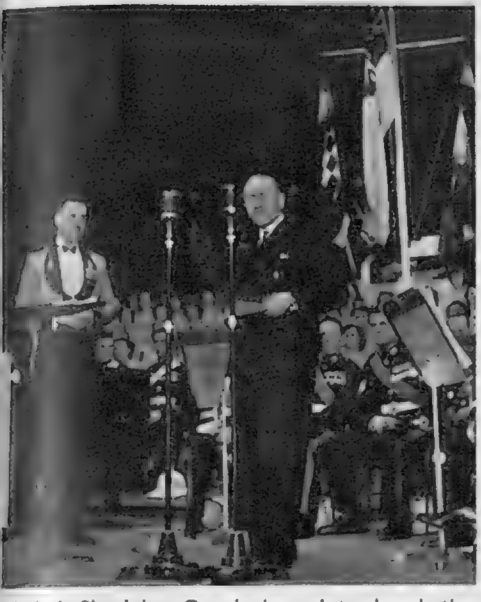
Margaret Leighton and Sir Ralph Richardson have been mentioned as possible leads at Stratford-upon-Avon next season. . . . *Cinderella* (December 21) is this year's pantomime for the Princes. . . . A new Vernon Sylvaine farce is expected, called *Something in the Cellar*. . . . The dancers, Rosario and Antonio, open at the Cambridge next Monday (November 12).



The Luton Girls' Choir sings, accompanied by the massed bands of H.M. Royal Marines (Portsmouth).

# The Royal Naval Association Reunion

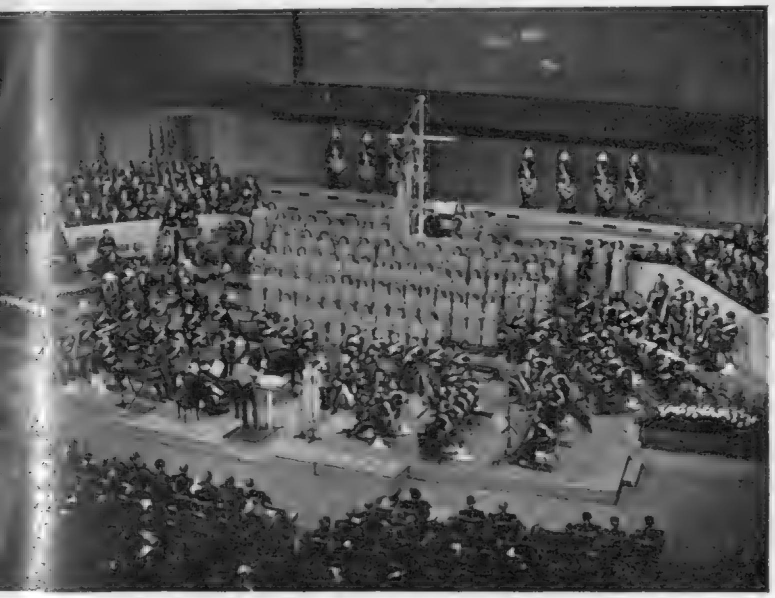
L. to r. in the front seats were: Vice-Admiral T. B. Drew, Secretary to the Lord Mayor of London and Vice-President of the R.N. Association, Mrs. Drew, Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Admiral of the Fleet Sir John H. D. Cunningham, President of the R.N.A., Lady Cunningham, Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, Second Sea Lord, Lady Madden, Lady Moore and Admiral Sir Henry Moore.



Admiral Sir John Cunningham introduced the new R.N.A. march—*Under the White Ensign*—composed by (left) Major Vivian Dunn.

To Lady Cunningham, wife of the R.N.A. President, Miss Ann Maskell, daughter of the Association's Secretary, handed a bouquet.

Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, Second Sea Lord, talked of the virtues of the Association.



"Right dress!" Choir, massed bands, standard-bearers, drummers, organist and the White Ensign form up to produce a full stage effect with the precision of a true naval parade.

L. to r.: Sir John Lang, Lady Lang, Mrs. Maskell and her daughter, Captain Bratt, R.N., Mrs. Bratt and Lt.-Cdr. Tross-Youle, R.N.V.R., Secretary of the R.N.V.R. Officers' Association.

A grand sense of the atmosphere of "the Service" pervaded the Royal Festival Hall when the all ranks Royal Naval Association held its reunion on Oct. 27. The President, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, made an admirable speech at the "mike," followed by Admiral Sir Alexander Madden. The acoustics of the Hall were well tried out by massed bands of the Royal Marines from Portsmouth, and the Luton Girls' Choir. The Dean of Rochester, the Chaplain to the Association, rededicated the Standards, which were brought in in handsome procession. Present in the huge audience were distinguished guests Admirals of the Fleet Lord Cork and Orrery and Sir Algernon U. Willis, members of the Board of Admiralty and senior representatives from Royal Navies of the Empire. One of the items best-liked was Charlie Kunz at the piano, when as one man the audience joined in the singing of popular songs.

*By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.*

Singing "Land of Hope and Glory" at the finale: A section of the huge audience, and the Ceremonial Box, which contained senior representatives resident in this country, of the Royal Canadian Navy, the Royal Australian Navy, the Royal New Zealand Navy, the Royal Pakistan Navy and the Indian Navy.

*(Continued overleaf.)*

L. to r.: Major F. Vivian Dunn, Director of Music, H.M. Royal Marines, Hon. Musical Adviser to the R.N.A., Charlie Kunz, Lady Lang, Sir John Lang, Cdr. R. B. Chandler, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Maskell, R.N.V.R., who organised the show, and Dame Katherine Trefusis Forbes.

Mrs. Lovell M. Caddy, General Secretary, Association of W.R.N.S.

L. to r.: Commander Blaxland, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Butler, R.N., Flag Lieutenant to the Board of Admiralty, Captain Harrison, R.N., Mr. Sidney Godfrey, Chairman of the National Council, R.N.A., Cdr. N. Krishna, Indian Navy, and Lady Madden.

Lieut.-Commander Leslie H. Maskell, R.N.V.R., Captain Harrison, R.N., Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, and Mrs. Maskell, who acted as general hostess on behalf of the Association.

L. to r.: Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, Chairman, R.A.F. Association, Vice-Admiral T. B. Drew, Vice-President, R.N.A., Mrs. Drew and Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham.

Mrs. Leslie H. Maskell, Mr. Charles Torrance, Deputy High Commissioner to the Union of South Africa in London, and Mrs. Charles Torrance.

# *Guests at the Royal Naval Association Reunion*

At Princes Theatre: Pearl Primus faces the demon of fear in the Initiation dance—an expressive Negro ritual dance.

# STAR DANCERS OF OTHER LANDS

Londoners are able to enjoy a spate of brilliant dancers from other countries. After the Danzas Latino-America at the Adelphi, to Princes Theatre comes Pearl Primus, B.A., America's foremost Negro dancer, and her company, specialising in the native dances and rhythms of Africa and the West Indies. And at the Cambridge for a short season is the graceful Mrinalini Sarabhai and her Indian ballet, sensational and exquisitely dressed. Each company brings its own musicians.

At the Cambridge: Shiva Shankar and Govindan perform their spectacular Warrior Dance. They are members of the Indian ballet.

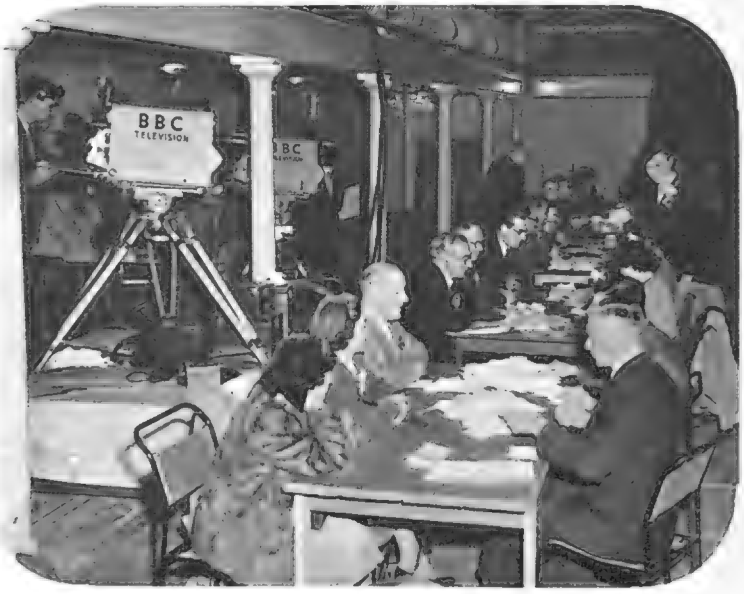
Waiting her cue, Mrinalini Sarabhai watches as Chatunni Pannicker makes one of his effortless leaps.

# TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

The scene in Studio B at Alexandra Palace on Election Night. Graham Hutton and David Butler are below the map of Scotland, with a team of quick-fire statisticians on their left. H. G. Nicholas is below the smaller microphone (right).

The Middlesbrough West result provided one of the few diversions from the seemingly unending chain of *No Change* returns. H. G. Nicholas described the election as "tense, yet somehow rather boring."




Special facilities were granted to a television Outside Broadcasts unit to invade Fulham Baths, where the votes for the Fulham East and Fulham West divisions were counted. Normally, all outsiders are rigidly barred.

WERE it our pleasant prerogative to award medals, the Royal Mint would at this moment be working overtime on some sort of gold lozenge, attached to a gay ribbon, for the benefit of all those who took part in the General Election television broadcast. Our award would be for "Untiring Devotion To Duty Under Trying Circumstances." Trying circumstances? Thirteen hours broadcasting—in two solid chunks of six and seven hours, with a break of only six hours in between—might legitimately be considered so! At any rate, this critic, who dutifully sat through the lot, thought he 'd done a man-sized job.

But what about the folk at the business end? The viewer was principally concerned with a team of experts in the persons of "In the News" chairman Graham Hutton, David Butler, Research Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford, and H. G. Nicholas, Fellow of New College, Oxford. For agonisingly long hours these gentlemen sat at their desks in Ally Pally's Studio B, announced the results as they poured in, compared them with the 1950 election, commented and made forecasts. Their only relief during that time were the brief interludes when O.B. units showed us election scenes from Fulham, Salford and Birmingham. By four in the morning, during the first session, they had practically talked themselves to a standstill, but if the flesh was showing signs of wilting, their spirits never flagged. They would deserve their medals merely for not passing out after such a long time under the blazing studio lights.

Supporting them was a small army of statisticians, technicians, cameramen, caption writers (who worked with bewildering speed and neatness with quick-drying paint), O.B. units, commentators and, of course, the joint producers, Grace Wyndham Goldie and Norman Swallow. These were hard at it for just as long; they must have been just as tired. Yet this marathon went through without a hitch and television viewers had the best possible ringside seat of this momentous event, which may easily be a turning-point in all our lives. The medals would be well deserved.

* * *

*Concerto*, one of Christian Simpson's attempts at visual interpretation of music, left us in a less awarding mood. The work chosen was Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2, with Irene Kohler as soloist and Eric Robinson conducting. Once again there was an introductory analysis of the work, together with illustrative snatches from it. May we ask why? Just because television is a newish medium, there is no need to suppose that the public has never heard a concerto before—especially this very popular one. Sound does not treat its audience as morons; why should television? Apart from all that, the performance was rough, the "sweet" passages dragged out and the pictures did not delight our eye at all.

* * *

Michael Barry (Head of Drama) and his script department are doing well. From somewhere or other they are finding a steady stream of new plays, well written and well adapted. The latest I have seen, *Night of the Fourth*, adapted by Jack Roffey and Gordon Harboard from the German of H. Bratt, was an absorbing example. In it a psychiatrist (Herbert Lom) cures a Scotland Yard superintendent (John Robinson) of the schizophrenia which has led the latter to believe that he has committed a murder. These two performances were superb, not only by reason of the players' talents, but also by the fine direction they had from producer Desmond Davies.

* * *

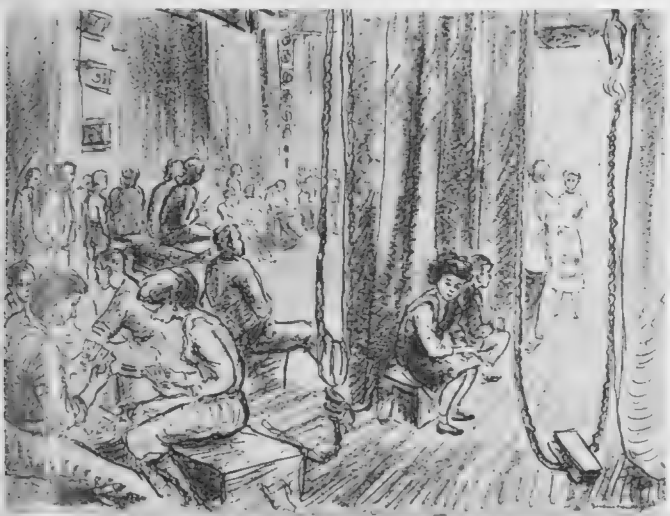
*The Sketch*, it seems, not only serves television critically but also constructively, for two of our fellow-contributors have been helping the wheels go round. C. A. Lejeune's Sherlock Holmes series, with Alan Wheatley in the name-part, which we forecast some time ago, is now successfully under way. Miss Lejeune has done a wonderful job in adapting these classic Conan Doyle stories, and she is certainly well served by her cast (Raymond Francis plays Dr. Watson) and her producer, Ian Atkins.

The other was our motoring correspondent William Hartley, who—with Raymond Baxter—gave us a personally conducted private view of the 1951 Motor Show. This was an excellent programme, even if it went on for a little too long and the cars began—to other than the most loving eyes—to look somewhat monotonously alike.

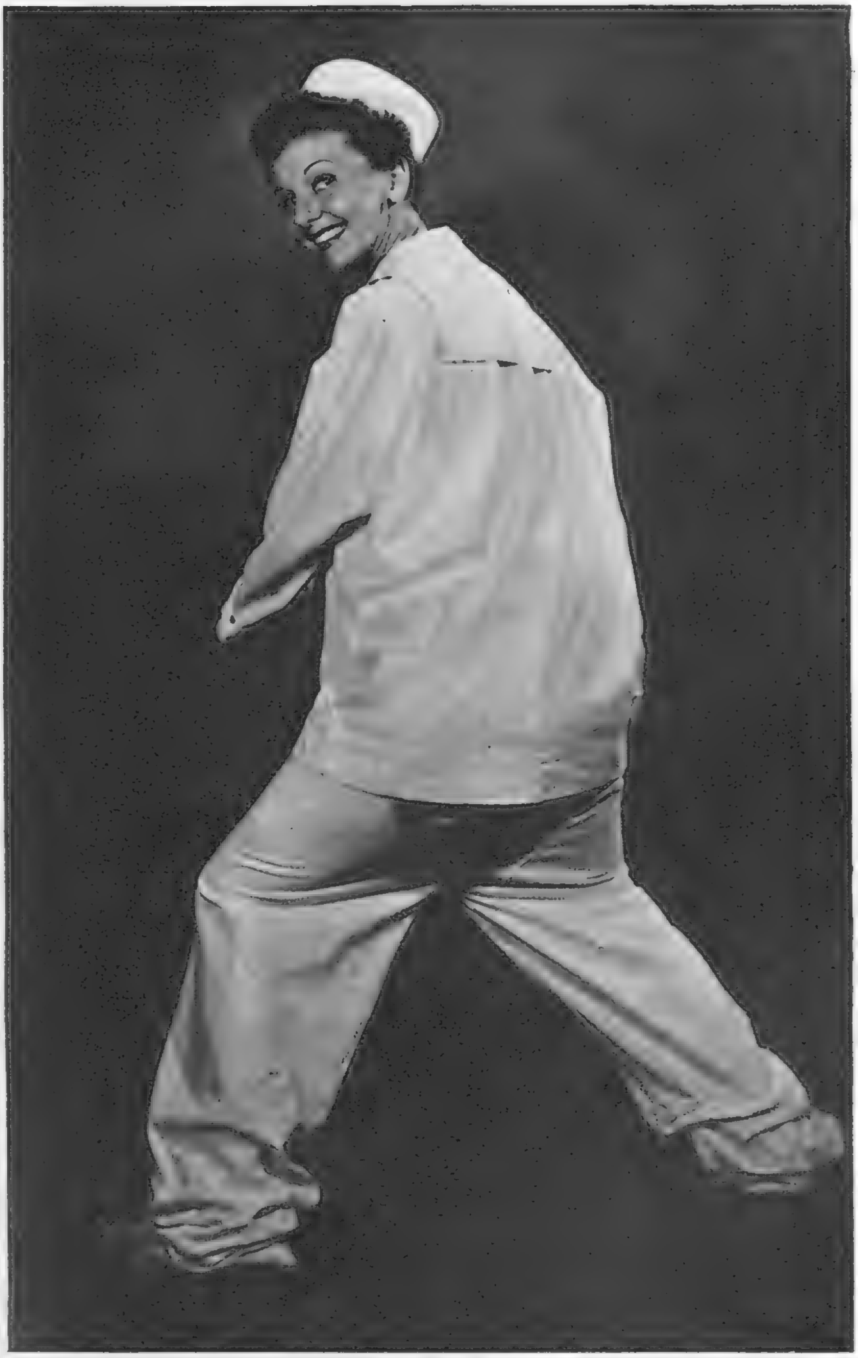
# BACK-STAGE AT DRURY LANE

*South Pacific* had its glittering première on November 1. Our artist, Sochachewsky, made these drawings back-stage at Drury Lane. The play is adapted from James A. Michener's Pulitzer prize-winning *Tales of the South Pacific*, by Oscar Hammerstein II. and Joshua Logan, with Hammerstein's lyrics and Richard Rodgers' music.

The accompanist plays during the scene in the naval captain's office. At the table, l. to r., are Peter Grant, Hartley Power and Wilbur Evans. John McLaren is in the background.

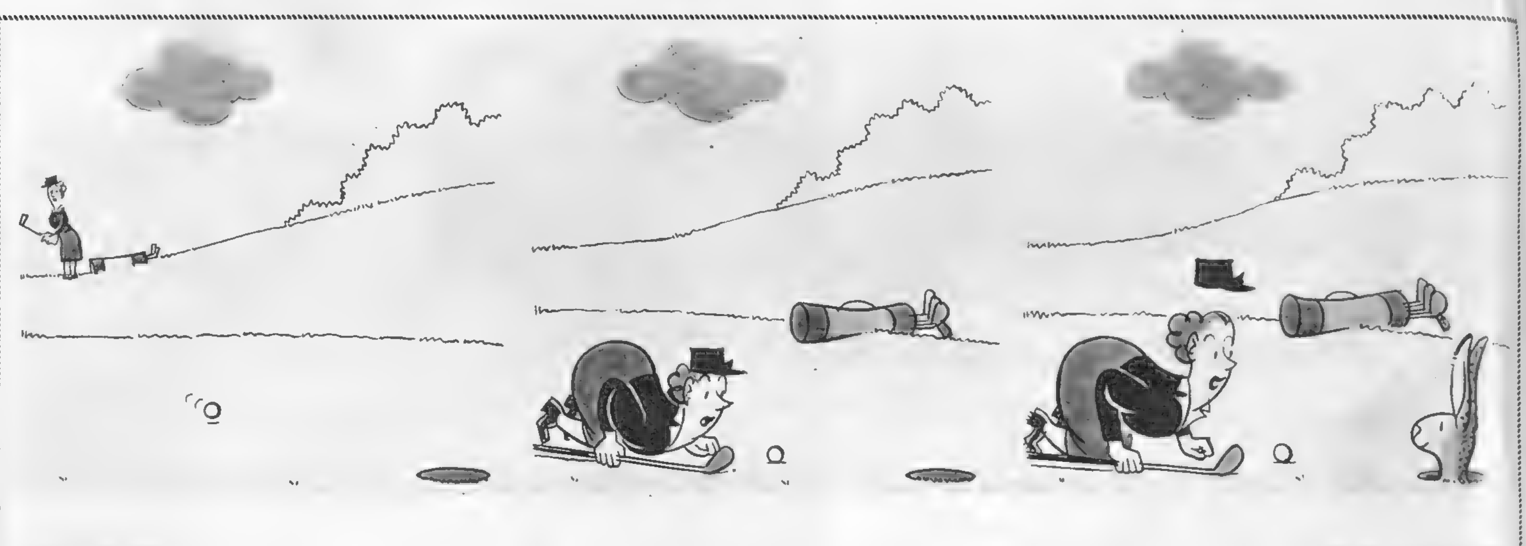


In the wings some of the waiting cast pass the time with a game of cards. The two children, Patricia Lowi and John Levitt, wait their cue. On stage Mary Martin faces Wilbur Evans.



Mary Martin, star singer, actress, comedienne, in her part as Ensign Nellie Forbush, whose love-affair with a French planter on a Pacific island provides the theme of this musical play.

*Left:* Scene 2. Muriel Smith, who plays "Bloody Mary," is on steps singing one of the big numbers, while Peter Grant as Lieut. Joseph Cable, stands before her. At the sides are marines, G.I.s and Seabees of the American forces on the island. Seated in the foreground is Mr. MacQueen Pope. *Right:* In the prompt corner stands the stage manager, Jack Waters, at the controls, while to right members of the staff stand by to make a change.



MRS. PUTTS PETER ENDER

# ★ AT THE CINEMA ★

## *with C. A. LEJEUNE*

WHEN they told me that Frank Launder, that sober, discriminating director and the dean of British screen-writers, was to make a film about a Beauty Queen, decked out with bathing-costume parades and including even a strip-tease act, I could hardly believe my ears. Had Mr. Launder gone out of his mind, I wondered? Well, events have proved that he hadn't. He knew very well what he was doing, and he wasn't planning a peepshow for tired business men, either. *Lady Godiva Rides Again* is full of eminently sensible views on beauty contests and the brains and pulchritude of most of the young women who aspire to be Miss Something-or-other of 1951; by which I mean, of course, that Mr. Launder's views apparently coincide with mine.

His picture is a calculated piece of gentle irony. The heroine is a provincial newsagent's daughter, with a pretty face and petite figure, but about as many wits as a sparrow, who is chosen by the Festival of Britain Committee to ride through the streets of her local town as Lady Godiva, in a pageant of "The Midlands Through the Ages." She catches the eye of a smooth publicity man, and is persuaded, without much difficulty, to compete for the title of Miss Fascination Soap at a seaside beauty parade. By accident—for the real winner has already been chosen—she is awarded the title, and with it a cheque for a thousand pounds, a mink coat, and a contract with a film company.

So much for the rise of Miss Fascination Soap; now comes the fall. After a period of intensive training at a charm school, where she painfully learns to walk erect with a book on her head, and to elocute with pear-shaped vowels, she learns that the film world, which she has regarded as paradise from the one-and-ninepenny seats, is not all that the dreams of dim-witted little girls and the blurbs of fan writers has built it up to be. She has been strictly brought up, has Miss Fascination, and she shrinks in terror from the advances of a fading screen Lothario, who likes to pretend in private life to the irresistible charm that he exercised in *The Shadow of the Orient.* Since the gentleman is the film company's chief asset, Miss Fascination promptly receives what the Americans call her come-uppance. Thereafter she drifts from one agent's office, and one bankrupt studio to another, and learns what people mean when they say there is a slump in the British film industry. Eventually she winds up in a tawdry "French" touring revue, in which she repeats her original Lady Godiva act in rather scantier costume, and alternates with a good-natured, middle-aged professional stripper in presenting "living pictures" of Beauty Through the Ages. Horrified, her respectable family, who have travelled a hundred miles to see Our Marjorie in her first great theatrical engagement, shrink into their stalls and watch.

That ought to be the end of Miss Fascination, for the film was clearly intended, in the first place, as a cautionary tale in comic vein about silly little girls who fill their empty heads with silly little ideas about silly little triumphs. But when it came to the point to which he had presumably directed his picture, Mr. Launder lost heart, and suddenly clapped on a happy ending. I doubt if anyone in the audience will believe for one single minute in the epilogue in Australia, with Miss Fascination and the lady who should have been Miss Fascination in the first place, spending Christmas in domestic bliss with their pineapple-growing husbands and just naturally growing families, but Mr. Launder thinks that is the way film audiences want it, and he may be right.

The opening of *Lady Godiva Rides Again* is just as brilliant as its ending seems to me disappointing. I can hardly remember a more promising introduction to any picture. A sodden Midland townscape, with a downpour of rain on dustbins and deserted sports grounds; a drenched and empty branch-line railway station; a bored and familiar voice from the station loud-speakers: "There are no trains standing at Platforms 1, 2, 3 and 4 and there will be none for hours and hours, because it is Sunday afternoon in Our Town." Aha! says the percipient spectator, hugging himself together with delighted anticipation, this time we have really got something! So we have, indeed, and much of it is really something; but not quite, perhaps, the big thing we had hoped.

Some of the dialogue is brilliant in its caustic way. It is hard, for instance, to beat the exchange between the experienced male film-star and the ingenuous little girl who meets him for the first time in the flesh and not on celluloid. "You take me back to the days when I was a good deal younger," he murmurs, advancing towards her by careful inches. "I always thought you were a good deal younger," she answers artlessly. That is perfect, and practised Dennis Price, in a calculated piece of satire, and novice Pauline Stroud, with what is likely to be fine acting in five years' time (given good direction), carry it off easily and beautifully. There is real writing, too, in the lines given to the jolly professional nude, who instructs her junior to think of something *nice* while she's posing, and I'm sure nobody could speak them more comfortingly than Charlotte Mitchell, mending a sock, sipping a glass of Guinness, and wondering how many coupons she can spare over and above her children's sweet ration. Best of all, perhaps, is the wry little sequence in which Alastair Sim—whose name, oddly, doesn't appear in the cast-list—appears as a bankrupt film impresario, sharing his half-pint of milk and his only bun with the girl whom he would have once chased round a desk, "clockwise or anti-clockwise." It is for the sake of moments like these that we forgive *Lady Godiva Rides Again* for the qualities in which we find it wanting, such as uniformity, sustained wit, major acting and the courage to carry its convictions through to the end.

In an industry that has never been remarkable for its modesty, the publicity shyness that afflicted the makers of *High Treason* during the film's production was quite an event. For a long time we were not even allowed to know the film's title. Then, when an election was clearly predictable, we were not allowed to see it until the campaign was over. Now that we have seen it, we can only wonder what all the fuss was about.

This anti-Communist story of how a gang of saboteurs plan to blow up the major power stations and take over the country is a competent enough thriller—but there is no more to it than that. It contains about as much "political dynamite" as a suburban by-election. Even the fact that a Member of Parliament is eventually discovered to be the brains behind the plot is not likely to cause the raising of a single eyebrow.

Directed by Roy Boulting, who made *Seven Days to Noon*, and written for the screen by Mr. Boulting with the same collaborator, Frank Harvey, it is obviously an attempt to repeat a former success, but unhappily it just doesn't. There is plenty of wild action, and plenty of excitement, in the style that is so properly applauded in *The Eagle* and the strip cartoons in modern newspapers.

What is missing, perhaps, is heart; or at least the sense of identification with small lives and ordinary people that made *Seven Days to Noon* a picture in a thousand. What is too much present, perhaps, is the doctrinal passion to be anti- or pro- something; to impart a message or drive home a warning; a determination to use the screen for some purpose that is only entertainment by the way.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

# CHEVALIER MARLENE

During the war Marlene Dietrich entertained thousands of French troops in North Africa. Recently her war work was given official recognition at the French Embassy in Washington. She was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. M. Henri Bonnet, French Ambassador to America, presented her with a medal and scroll—then, in true French style, kissed her on each cheek.

Marcus

# Clothes for Town and Country

by Ann Murray

*Here are three sure fashions: the bold plaid coat (opposite); the elegant wool frock (left); the smart black suit (below).*

Marcus

THE SURE FASHION of the afternoon dress (above), this one tailored in pure wool by Marcus, with neat rolled collar and folded-back over-skirt to reveal panel of fine pleating. About 21 guineas. From Walpole of Bond Street; Marshalls of Nottingham.

THE SURE FASHION of the smart black suit (right), this one tailored in black grosgrain by Marcus. To be seen at lunch, at cocktails and at the theatre. About 27 guineas. From McDonalds of Glasgow.

THE SURE FASHION of the good top coat, this one for sport or country, blissfully warm, hand-tailored in bold plaid by Wetherall. Wear it to suit the mood or the occasion, either all-round tie or buckle-belted, or half-belt at the back only, or loose-hanging as shown in the picture. About 30 guineas. From Wetherall shops throughout the country.

# Engagements

Jillian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Walkinshaw, of 62, Erskine Hill, N.W.11, is to marry next year Edward, elder son of Lt.-Colonel G. B. Clifton-Brown, one-time Tory M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, and Mrs. Clifton-Brown, of Flempton House, Bury St. Edmunds. His great-uncle is the recently retired Speaker of the House. Jillian, a descendant of the first Lord Basing, came out two years ago.

The Hon. Moira Jane Nevison, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Glendyne, of Herontye, East Grinstead, Sussex, and 47, Grosvenor Square, is engaged to Major Anthony Garnett Heywood, M.C., Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Garnett Heywood, of Beadles, Sandwich Bay, Kent.

Gillian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Aird, of St. John's Wood, marries at St. Mark's, North Audley St., on Nov. 22, Robert, son of Mrs. Macdonald, of Kingsbridge, Devon. Mr. Aird is Asst. Secretary to the M.C.C. His daughter's reception will be the first to be held in the Pavilion at Lord's.

Audrey, only child of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Siddeley, of Blue Waters, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex, and granddaughter of Lord Kenilworth, is engaged to John, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Main, of Spout Farm, Boxford, Suffolk.

The Hon. Sarah Faith Spencer, daughter of the late Viscount Churchill and of Lady Oliphant, and step-daughter of Sir Lancelot Oliphant, of 6, Cumberland Mansions, George Street, W.1, with her fiancé, Richard Palmer, who is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Palmer, of Hurst Grove, Twyford, Berks.

Bradleys cape stole of dyed Canadian ermine

TALES WITH A STING

# THE BROKEN CIRCUIT

## *By Arthur C. Clarke*

*This story has nothing whatsoever to do with the export business, which recently took me to Japan. I found it, during a week-end tour of exploration, in a disused summer-house in the garden of a long-derelict country mansion. The manuscript was tattered, damp-splotched and faded, and had obviously lain there for years. The writing was just decipherable, and the story it told affected me deeply. Its sadness seems to me to be the sadness of all history.*

---

IT was a brilliant summer morning, not yet too hot for comfort. The silk curtains had been drawn aside so that one could look out across the laboriously-tilled fields until sight became lost in the blue haze of the misty mountains. But the young man waiting impatiently on the veranda was indifferent to these familiar beauties. It was not that he cared for them no more, but the emotions they aroused had now been eclipsed by greater happiness.

Around him his country was at war, and how ill that war was faring he guessed, though he did not know with certainty. Yet even this cast only the lightest of shadows across his joy: for he was young, he was in love, and he was rich—one of the few rich men in his impoverished land. However the war might go, he could face the future with little fear, and he would no longer face it alone. The last obstacles had been overcome: the stubborn opposition of two ancient families, the resistance of her parents and of his—all these things lay in the past. They would be married before the autumn; they would go to his house in the mountains, far from the stricken cities, where neither the omens of defeat nor the rumours of victory would disturb them. There they would live in the splendid selfishness of love, while upon the seas and in the air their country fought for its survival.

The sound for which he had been waiting made him spin on his heels and hurry back into the living-room. Breathlessly he snatched up the receiver and waited for endless seconds while the operator completed the connection. Across the miles of terraced fields, past the little lakes, and over the ineffectual barrier of the mountains, his voice was rushing to her: and at last hers came back to him.

To anyone listening—and if there were eavesdroppers along the line they did not care—the conversation would have seemed aimless and vapid beyond belief. They had so little new to say: they desired only to hear each other's voices, to reaffirm old vows, and to dream aloud of all that the future would bring. Across the miles her voice carried to him all her love and hope, and the beautiful day became more golden still. The distance that lay between them was as nothing now: he closed his eyes to banish the landscape around him, so much less real than the image of her face in his memory. Once again he felt a sense of baffled astonishment at the thought that anyone—his parents, above all—could ever have failed to understand how much they needed each other: once again he felt the anxious pride of not-yet-fully-consummated victory.

They could not talk of dreams for ever: the precious seconds were slipping by and at any moment some stupid priority call, some business concerned with this vexatious war, might separate them again. There were practical matters to discuss: above all, how soon could she leave the city and its nightly perils? Every day she still remained would leave him in a torment of anxiety.

Effortlessly leaping the mountains, her laugh heralded the news she had been saving for the end. Everything had been arranged: she would leave the city to-day, this very afternoon. Soon there would be no more waiting, no more danger. She had listened to the sirens for the last time: only a few minutes ago the All Clear had sounded above the trembling city, and it had seemed a sign that all their struggles were over and they had reached their haven at last. The great bomber fleets might come to-night—it was terrible to think of it, of course—but she would be far away in the peace and safety of the countryside.

He started to reply, rejoicing that the last fear had been lifted from his mind. As he spoke, his gaze wandered over the long miles that led to the mountains, and beyond them to the sea and the city of bridges from which she was speaking. For an instant too brief for him to be certain of its existence, the cloudless sky above those peaks seemed to quiver with light. It gave him a momentary shock: then he guessed that a thunderstorm must be raging beyond the hills.

Not until he had been speaking for some time did he realise that the line was dead. He swore softly to his gods: the telephone service had become terrible in the past few months. With angry impatience he flashed the exchange.

"Operator!" he called. "Operator! Hello—hello!"

The local exchange did not reply for a full minute. He gave it no time to make excuses.

"Someone's cut me off!" he complained bitterly. "That's not the first time it's happened! Get me Hiroshima again!"

is a time of joy in SWITZERLAND

. . . and, what's more," went on the Snowman — his coal - black eyes twinkling — "There are all the thrills of Winter Sports; even Ski-ing can be learnt in a Swiss Ski School in one week. — There's sundrenched scenery that takes your breath away — food that must be tasted to be believed and, of course, the famous Swiss hospitality, that means lots and lots of parties — and dancing in the evenings. Really, there's no end of fun in Switzerland."

All tickets, even Sport Season Tickets, can now be bought in sterling

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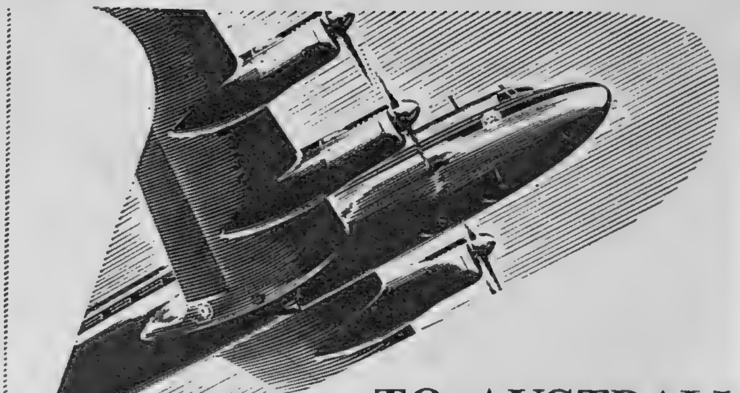

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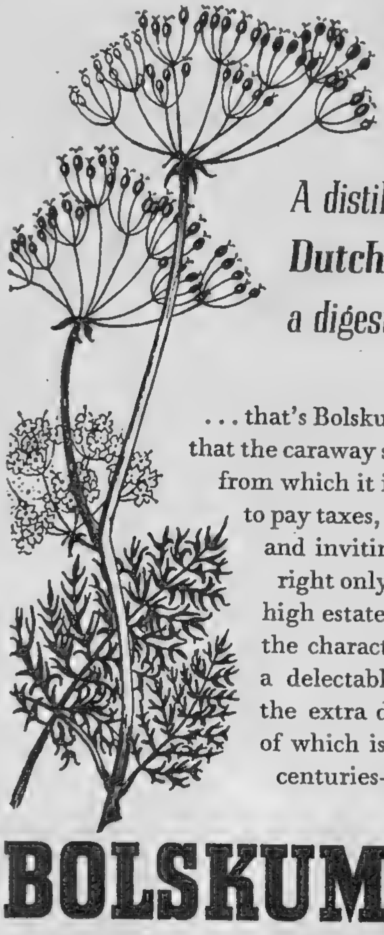

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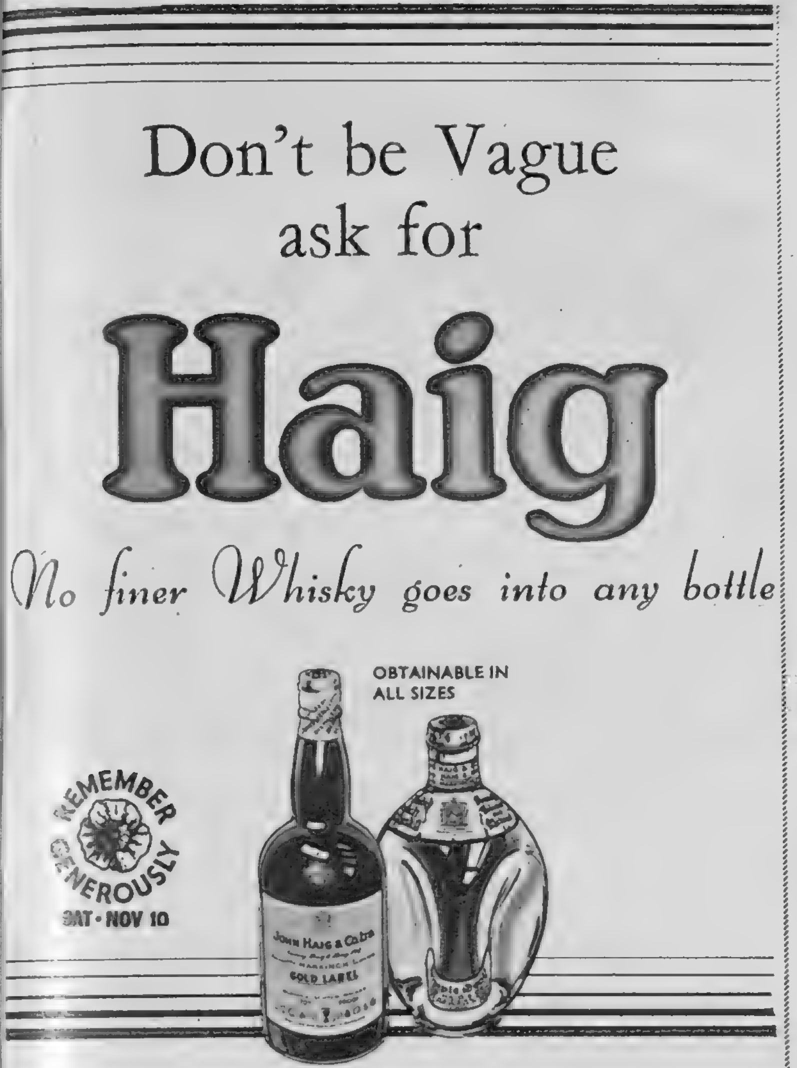
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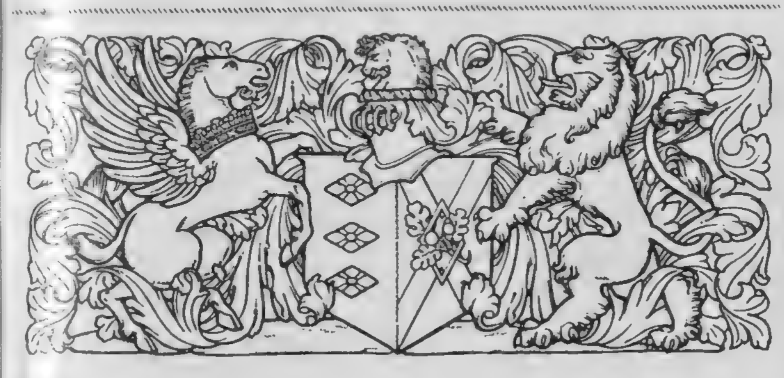
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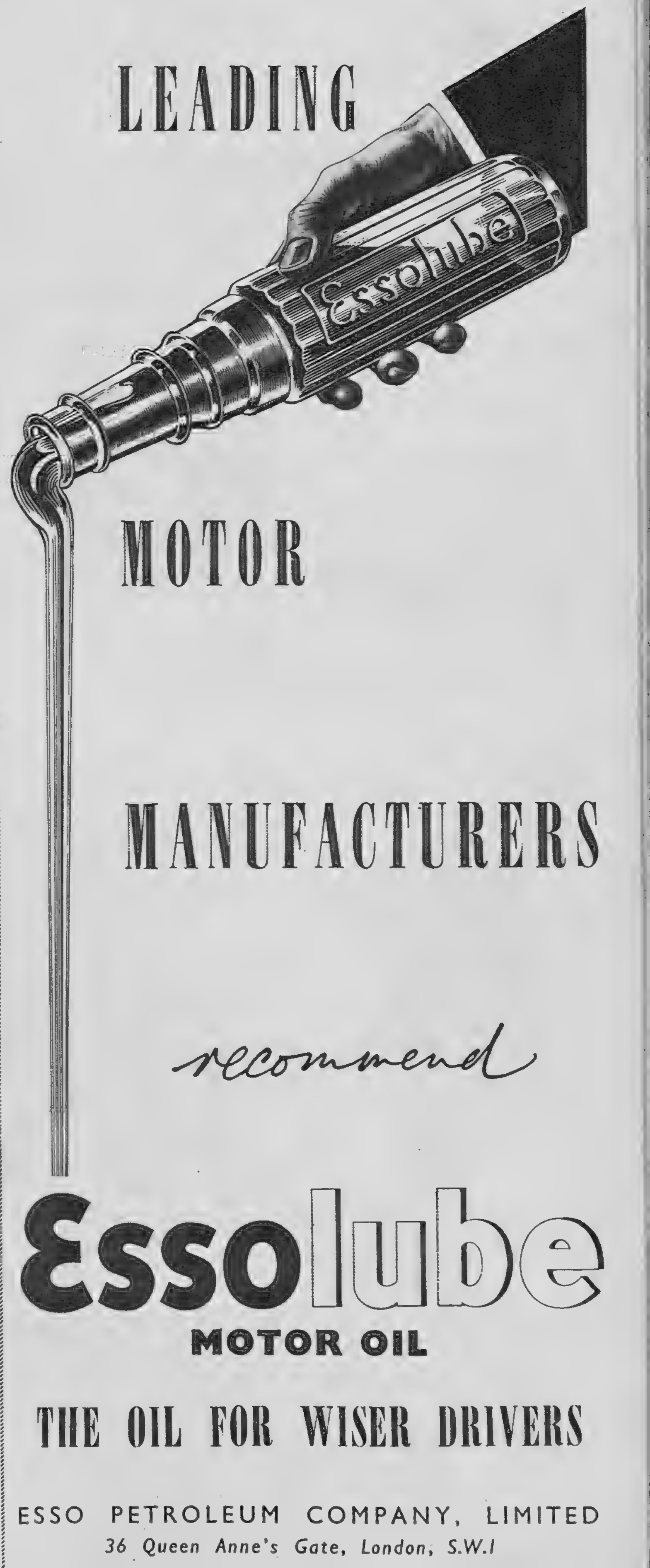
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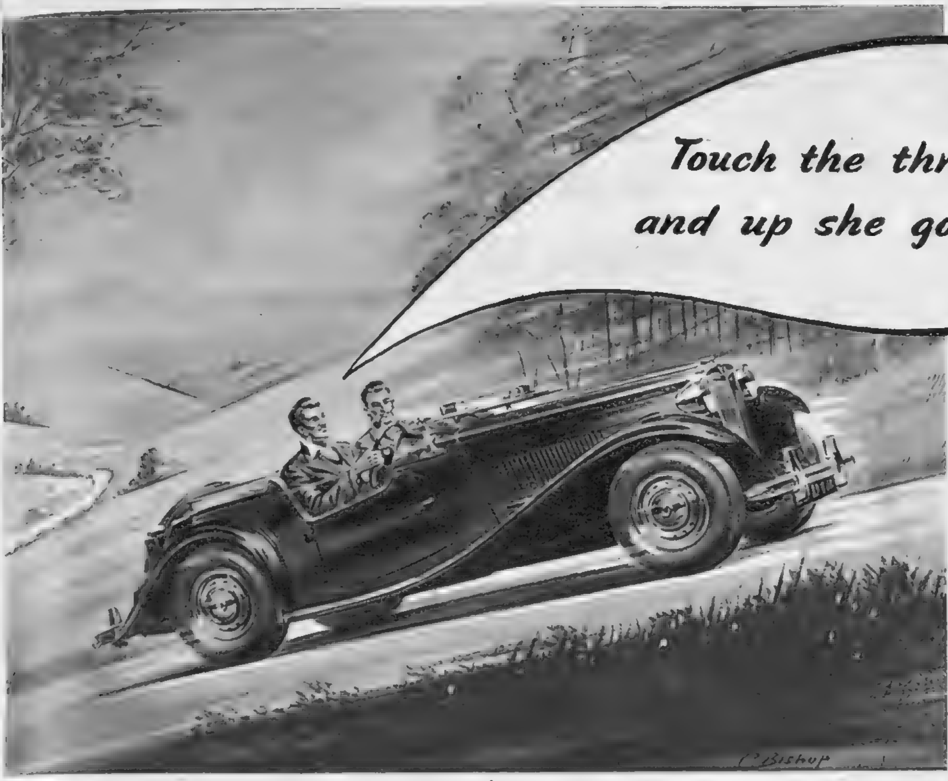


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IN ALL SIZES
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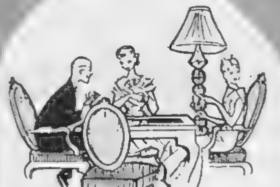

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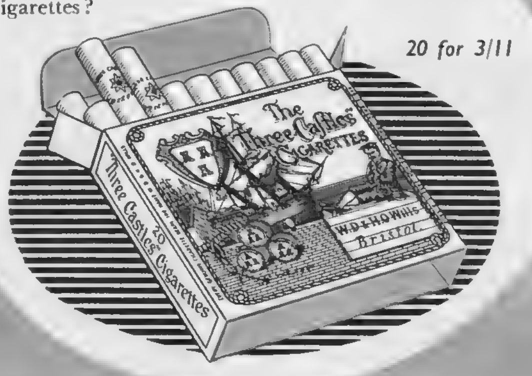


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By Carl Wilton

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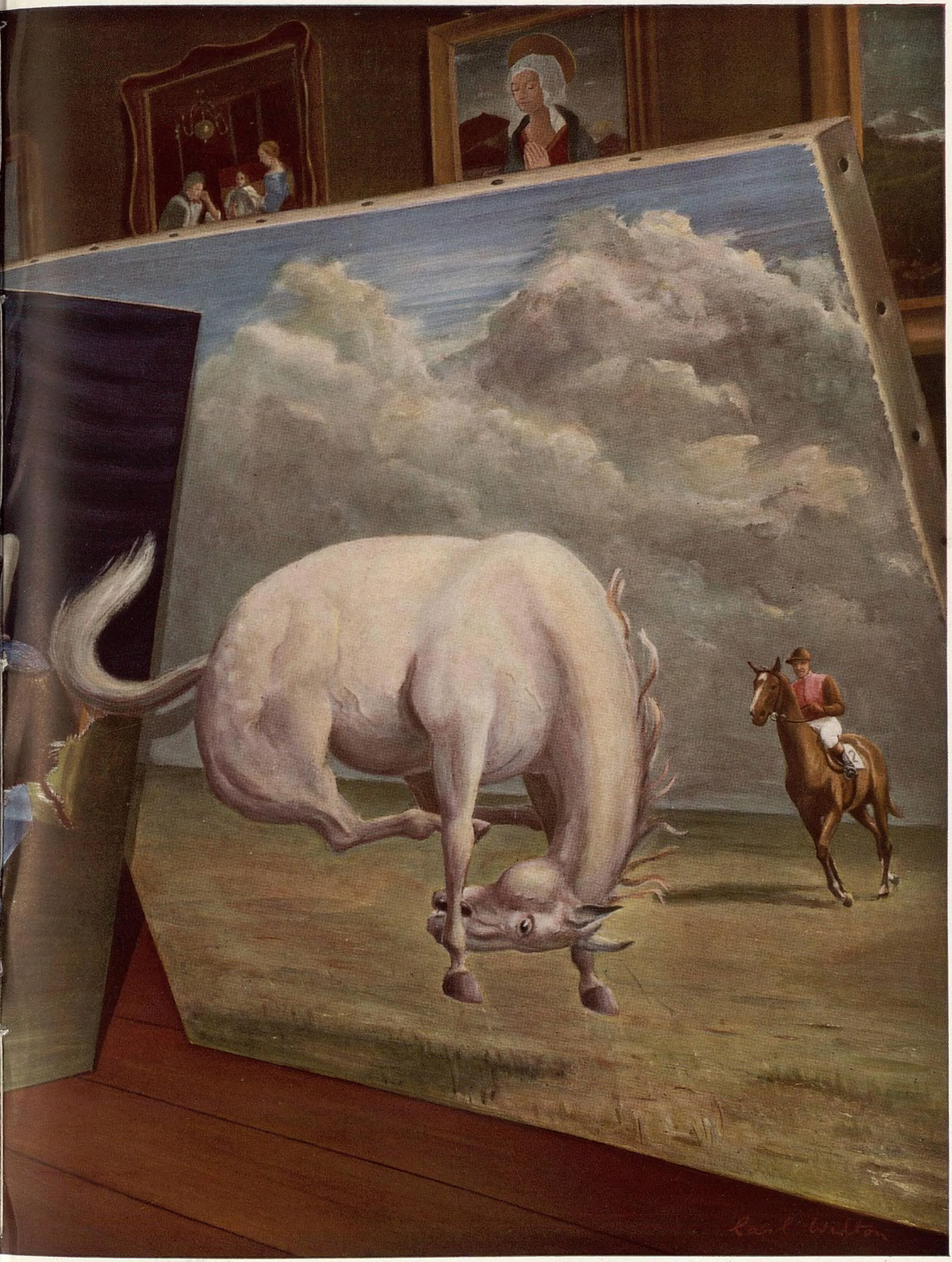

Michael ffolkes.

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